M'Kean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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TWO SERIOUS ACCIDENTS NEAR FARMERS VALLEY

An Eighteen-Months-Old Child Drowned on Friday.

MAN HAS ARM BADLY CRUSHED.

Casper Smith Drowned in a Water Trough—Forest Pendleton is Injured While Working on an Oil Well.

Casper, the 18-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. August Smith, was drowned in a water trough last Friday afternoon, near the home of his parents, about three miles from this place on the Farmers Valley road.

The child was extremely large and strong for his age and was out in the yard playing with his brothers and sisters. Without being noticed he wandered away from the others and went to the water trough beside the road and when discovered was beyond earthly aid. The trough was an ordinary one and contained less than a foot of water, and it is surprising that he was not able to get out of it without assistance. When found he was laying face downward in the trough.

It is said that he had only been away from the other children a few minutes and it was only a short distance from them and the house so he must have strangled without making any outcry. When his mother found the little one she was almost crazed with grief.

The funeral services were held at the house Sunday afternoon and his remains were laid at rest in the Smith cemetery.

Forest Pendleton, a tool dresser on an oil well near Coryville received terrible injuries to his left arm Tuesday morning, while at work, which may result in the loss of that member.

The details of the accident are not very complete but from the best information we can get, he was working around the well when the crank which propels the walking beam caught his arm and wound it into that piece of machinery in such a way that he could not free himself even with the assistance of the driller.

After making a desperate but unsuccessful effort to free the pinioned man the driller had to go over half a mile to the chemical factory for assistance. All that time Mr. Pendleton lay pinioned in his terrible position and fully conscious, and his suffering must have been terrible, even though the shock was so severe that it deadened the pain to a certain extent.

When help arrived and he was released from the crank it was found that his left arm between the shoulder and elbow was badly crushed and lacerated, besides being broken in two or three places. Dr. Hamilton of Smethport was summoned and gave such relief as was possible and he was sent to the Bradford Hospital for treatment. Dr. Hamilton told the writer yesterday morning that there was a bare possibility of saving the arm but the chances were against it.

Hornell Man Killed by Italian.

William Rail, superintendent of Merrill's silk mill, machine department, was murdered at Hornell Junction, 10 miles west of Hornell, near Canaseraga, at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon by an Italian. The Italian is in custody. Three of five shots fired took effect, one in the stomach, one in the right lung and one in the wrist. Rail died half an hour later. He was aged 45 years. The victim and a party of about 50 representatives, besides business and professional men and machinists of that city, were at Hornell Junction for an afternoon's outing. A party of Italians belonging to the Shawmut railroad construction gang went over to the grove and made a disturbance. They were ordered away, but hesitated about going.

Rail became aggressive and followed them to the track. Here at altercation took place and without warning one of the Italians shot at Rail five times. The Italians took to their heels and Rail's companions gave chase. Part stopped at their camp and was arrested. The murdered and one other was apprehended two hours later by Jake Winegardt and Jay Kline. Sheriff Lloyd Miller of Allegany county was at his home in Canaseraga and was first on the scene. Had he not been, there is no doubt that a lynching would have taken place when the murderer was brought back to the grove.

Ten Italians are under arrest and the murderer has been positively identified.

Wanted.

A lot of spring chickens weighing from two pounds up. Also older fowls.

C. H. GLEASON,
Kushequa Depot.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Six Persons Drowned.

Six lives were lost last Friday evening in a naptha launch accident on Conewango creek, at Russell, 12 miles from Warren.

The dead are John Best, aged 45, owner of a large foundry and man of considerable wealth and prominent in affairs of Warren, Mrs. John Best, his wife, aged 35, Violet Best, his daughter, aged 18, Mrs. George Baker, aged 30, forelady in Smith's department store, Warren, Mrs. Hilda Knox, aged 32, forelady in same store and O. F. Butts, traveling salesman for the Strawbridge-Clothier company of Philadelphia.

The creek is popular as a boating resort and naptha launches are rented to pleasure seekers. Best started out with nine people, including his wife and daughter. Another launch was operated by William Stewart, and in running up and down the creek it became lodged on a pile.

Mr. Best, in an effort to help Stewart, ran his launch around the other's boat. Before he could render any aid the engine of Best's boat stopped and could not be started, and the launch began drifting down the stream toward a dam, a short distance below.

In the meantime Best was trying frantically, but futilely to start the engine. The craft turned sidewise and went over the dam, throwing the nine occupants into the whirling water below. George Baker seized his wife and tried to swim toward shore with her. The swirling water snatched her from his grasp and she sank. After vain efforts to find her, Baker, realizing his wife was beyond aid, grasped Miss Farlow of Warren and succeeded in getting her to shore.

Alex Gross of Warren, after a desperate struggle to save some of the others, struck out for land and reached safety. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Best have been recovered. Searching parties are endeavoring to find the others.

Conewango creek is 15 feet deep below the dam and there is a swift undercurrent. Baker's condition is pitiful, and it is feared he will become insane over the drowning of his wife.

The Wild Pigeon.

Ten years ago I wrote, according to the best information obtainable at that time, that the once famous wild pigeon had become extinct. I offered fifty dollars for a single stuffed specimen, and failed to get one. Now it appears this celebrated bird was not totally annihilated and that a few escaped the most merciless warfare ever waged against living creatures. A flock consisting of 1,000 of these birds is now nesting in Sullivan county, N. Y., and other flocks of smaller numbers have recently been seen in two or three other States. Special laws will likely be enacted for the future preservation of this handsome species of pigeon, but it is not likely, nor is it well, that they shall ever accumulate and appear in countless millions as was seen just after the middle of the last century. To see the handsome and graceful passenger pigeon again will bring back to memory the days of land-clearing and wheat sowing, which now like a dream, one fancies to have been the happiest period of our lives.—Alfred Truman in Brookville Republican.

Picnic at Eldred.

An immense fraternal picnic will be held in Eldred on August 8, under the management of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Independent Order of Knights of the Maccabees and invitations are being sent out to the various lodges of the orders named in this section of the country inviting them and their "wives, children, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, friends and sweethearts" to take part in the grand affair. Each the orders has appointed committees to arrange for the athletic contests, amusements, railroad transportation, music and speaking. The committees are making efforts to have the uniformed cantons of the Patriarchs Militant of Olean and Bradford to give a fancy dress drill. The committee has invited Assemblyman R. P. Habgood to be the orator of the day and he has accepted the invitation.

Mrs. McKinley's Postal Privilege.

With the death of Mrs. McKinley recently there died a special postal law enacted by congress in 1902, namely that all mail matter from Mrs. McKinley bearing her autograph signature should be carried free by the postoffices department from the date of enactment of the law until her death. The privilege extended to Mrs. McKinley by congress has been granted to few women in the history of this country. Mrs. Garfield widow of President Garfield, who was likewise struck down by an assassin's bullet, was given the free use of the mails by congress 1881. The only others to receive the honor were Mrs. Polk, widow of President Polk, and Mrs. Grant widow of President Grant.—Wellsboro Advocate.

Wanted.

A good girl at the Bell Telephone office. For further information inquire of
Miss SYLVIA LAWRENCE.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Bradford Man Commits Suicide.

From the Era we glean the following: A. J. Dougherty, a well known resident of Bradford, committed suicide Friday evening, by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. The tragedy was enacted in the bath room of the house, No. 96 Forman street.

Mrs. Dougherty was out in the yard at the time, in the rear of the building. She heard a muffled report of a gun, but did not think that it was so near at hand. Soon afterwards she went into the house and not seeing her husband, called to him. There was no response. The woman felt a premonition that all was not right and she went to the neighbors, telling them of her fears. An investigation followed.

Several of the neighbors went upstairs. They saw Mr. Dougherty mortally wounded, in the bath room, leaning back against the wall. His right hand hung by his side. On the floor lay a 38-calibre revolver and on the right side of the head, just back of the eye, blood was flowing freely from a wound. His hair was singed about the temple from the flash of the revolver. The sight presented was a ghastly one.

Dougherty had removed his coat and was in his shirt sleeves when he shot himself. Much blood was on his clothing and a pool was on the floor.

Dr. Johnston was summoned, but human skill could not withhold the fast-ebbing life of A. J. Dougherty. The man was unconscious and dying. The doctor was surprised that death had not been instantaneous.

The bullet had passed through the brain from the right and lodged in the left temple, fracturing the skull at that side but not penetrating it. The shooting occurred at about 7:10 and death resulted at 7:50.

Coroner Hall was notified and after making inquiries and investigating the circumstances, decided that it was a case of death by suicide. He did not consider a formal inquest necessary.

The deceased was a man of excellent character and the strictest integrity and was highly respected by a large circle of acquaintances. He was in comparatively comfortable circumstances and the only reason ascribed for his rash act is that he had been worrying over some litigation which unbalanced his mind.

"Tanny Jack" is Dead.

"Tanny Jack," a well-known character of Bradford, died in the hospital there on Tuesday. The following account of his life from the Star is a sermon and temperance lecture combined.

Fred Jones was born in Liverpool, England. When he came to America he intended to bring a bride with him, and he waited on the corner of a Liverpool street for hours, but the girl didn't appear. She had given him the mitten. He left the trysting place just in time to catch the ship. That was the end of things between the fair sex and young Jones. He wanted no more of them, and while never a woman hater, he believed they were a delusion and a snare, so to speak. Not much is definitely known of Jack's early American history, but it is said of him that while he lived in Hornell he had considerable money which he had saved and invested well, and that he set up in business a Hornell business man who became rich. When he came to Bradford Jack had some money, and also a trunkful of jewelry which he had got by legal process from a man who owed him money and wouldn't pay it. But Jack fell from grace. His love for the bottle pulled him down and for many years he has been making a living at odd jobs, and retailing the products of the fields and woods. He was known to everybody in town, and was genuinely liked for his cheerfulness and unfailing good nature. Seldom has he bothered the police as he was not quarrelsome or disorderly even in his tipsy moments.

For years he occupied a room on Chambers street and it was while in this room that Jack had saved and hoarded away about $700. This became known when a police magistrate demanded, in a joking way, $400 bail of a prisoner in whom Jack was interested. Jack left the police station and returned soon with a wad of bills as big as his two fists ready to go bail for his friend. This occurred when the police station was on Chestnut street.

Jack, as the love for drink became stronger, let his money slip away from him, and in the course of time he was financially broke. He has been through enough accidents and injuries to kill any ordinary man, but he had a constitution of iron and a wonderful amount of virility. He broke his leg twice, slashed it horribly with a scythe two or three times; has lain out on very cold wintry nights with no covering but commercial sacking; has spent many nights in the woods in rain and cold weather, but always bobbed up serenely.

Westbrook Academy Opening.

This school will begin its 26th year Sept. 3. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses. For catalogue and particulars address E. D. Westbrook, principal, Olean, N. Y.

Young's store is still headquarters for bargains.

AUTOMOBILES WRECKED IN THIS VICINITY

F. S. Sherman's Big Car Goes Over an Embankment.

SEVERAL ARE PAINFULLY INJURED.

Mr. Sherman's Accident Occurred on the Wilcox Road last Sunday—An Olean Car Overturned Enroute for Phila.

F. S. Sherman and a party of young ladies of Straight met with a serious and still very fortunate accident last Sunday afternoon while driving in Mr. Sherman's big 1907 touring car between Wilcox and that place.

According to the best information we can get they were coming down a hill, with a new man from the White factory in Cleveland as chauffeur, and in going around one of the sharp curves in the road the driver either turned too quickly or not quick enough and the car went over the embankment. The car turned over completely and Mr. Sherman, the driver and one of the young ladies were caught under it. The others jumped in time to escape being caught but all were more or less cut and bruised.

Assistance soon came to their relief and those who were pinioned by the car were released. It is said that the driver was caught in such a way that it took considerable effort to release him and he received the worst injuries, but his are not considered dangerous. Mr. Sherman is confined to the house due to shock and bruises and the young lady who was caught had one foot badly lacerated, but it is not permanently injured. The injuries to the others are not of a serious nature.

The body of the car is said to be a complete wreck, but the running gear, engines, etc., were not badly damaged. Everything considered it was a very fortunate accident, for it is not very often that an accident like that occurs without some of the party being killed.

Rumor has it that a party of Olean men on their way to the Elks reunion at Philadelphia in Daniel Ray's car met with an accident on Sunday and that Mr. Ray was thrown out or under the car and had a leg broken. We have not been able to get any further particulars of this accident.

The "Fireless Cooker."

Wives of the farmers, wives in fact of all sorts who have to do their own cooking, may take comfort for the Department of Agriculture is coming to their relief with the "fireless cooker." This sounds almost to good to be true, in fact it is not true literally, for while the cooker does work without fire it takes some fire to start it. Nevertheless it is a practical suggestion, and one worth considering by women who have to do their own work and who want to economize heat in summer and fuel at all times. The department has imported the idea from Sweden where it has been in use for about a hundred years, and whence the Commissary Department of the army also got it and is now using it with good results. Drawings and specifications are given in one of the farmer's bulletins just issued by the Department and can be had on application. The cooker consists merely of a heat tight box, one packed tightly with straw, felt or even newspapers. The food meat or vegetables, is brought to a boil over the fire, in a tight covered tin bucket and is then put into the cooker and shut up tight. It takes about twice as long to cook in this way as it does over the fire, but the result is better; there is no heat or smell, and the fuel is reduced to a minimum. The Department will furnish information to those interested.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 18, 1907:

Irene Andrus, Mary S. Brown, Mrs. Louisa Callen, Cialy Frimine, Miss Zoe Howe, Gus. Madison, A. I. Hackett, C. H. Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Best bedding plants of the season at half price, for 10 days, to close out, at the Port Allegany Greenhouses, also vegetable plants. Order at once as supply is limited. Nice growing time to plant.

PORT ALLEGANY GREENHOUSES,
Port Allegany, Pa.

Wanted.

Canvasser for high grade extracts, perfumes, toilet articles, etc. 50% com. Address M, care MINER office.

Don't forget to stop at Young's store and look over the inducements offered.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Barnes.—At her residence in Hamlin township, Sunday, Oct. 10, 1886, of typhoid fever, Lucy G., wife of Joseph D. Barnes, aged 48 years, 5 months and 28 days.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Freeman and Catherine Gerlick, and was born on Marvin creek, Keating township, on the 17th of April, 1848. Mrs. Barnes was an exemplary member of the Clermont M. E. church, and by her kindness of heart and rare Christian virtue made many warm friends. The funeral, which was largely attended, was held Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock at the Hefner school house, Hamlin township, Rev. W. Bradley of this place officiating, who preached a very appropriate sermon from the text "I have fought a good fight and have kept the faith." The M. E. choir of Smethport, sang several appropriate pieces. A detail of fifteen members from McKean Post 347, G. A. R., of which the bereaved husband is a member, attended the funeral as bearers and escort. The deceased leaves a husband, three children, two sisters and a brother to mourn their loss. The burial was at the Aldrich cemetery, near Kasson postoffice.

Miss Lizzie Dwyer, aged 21 years, who lived with her brother, Edward Dwyer, in this village, died Thursday morning, October 14, 1886, under very painful circumstances. The particulars of the sad affair, as we gather them, are in substance as follows: Miss Dwyer formerly worked in a factory at Holly, N. Y., where she acquired the habit of taking arsenic, commencing with a very small amount about two years ago, for the purpose of beautifying her complexion. Once habituated to the use of the deadly drug she was obliged to gradually increase the amount until Wednesday when she took an overdose, which resulted fatally. At five o'clock Thursday morning Dr. J. V. Otto was summoned, who worked energetically and skillfully but without avail, the victim passing away about nine o'clock.—Port Allegany Reporter.

A very pleasant party gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beck, with of Farmers Valley, on Wednesday, October 20, 1880, to witness the marriage of their youngest daughter, Miss Myrtle, to Mr. Frank Milton Wright of Eldred, Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore of this place officiating. We regret that want of space and the lateness of the hour on which the particulars of the happy event reached this office prevents us from giving a more extended notice. There was a large gathering of friends and relatives present to witness the ceremonies, and the presents were many and of a useful nature. Immediately after dinner (which was indeed a sumptuous repast, and to which all did justice) the newly married couple started for Alfred Centre, N. Y., where on the evening of the 21st inst. Elmer E. Beckwith and Miss Minnie Thomas are to be married. From there they go to Portage and Niagara Falls on their wedding tour. The MINER force tender their thanks for a generous sample of the wedding cake, all of which we are informed, was made by the mother of the happy bride.

Gifford-Taylor.—At Olean, N. Y., Oct 13, 1886, by E. C. Brooks, J. P., Mr. Duello A. Gifford of Smethport, Pa., and Miss Raney M. Taylor of Cochecton, N. Y.

Leroy Lyman, an old and esteemed citizen of Roulette, died at his home on Saturday, October 16, 1886, the result of injuries received from a vicious bull. It was supposed that the injuries sustained would not prove fatal, and indeed Mr. Lyman so far recovered as to be able for a time to be about, but serious internal injuries had been received, causing stomach difficulties, from which he died. We have not sufficient data at hand from which to make a fitting sketch of Mr. Lyman's life. The Coudersport Enterprise, in speaking of Mr. Lyman's death, says, "he was a singular man in many respects, a man of wonderful constitution and powers of endurance. From early childhood he was familiar with the use of the gun, and it is not likely there is a man in Pennsylvania today who has killed as many bear, deer and other wild animals as Leroy Lyman. He was a natural woodsman and a natural geologist, the latter the result of keen observation. He discovered several coal veins and mines in different parts of the county where he traveled or hunted, some of them quite valuable. Mr. Lyman was a kindhearted, upright man, and a member of the Seven-day Baptist church. One of Nature's noblemen has gone to his reward."—Reporter.

On Monday, October 18, 1886, at Wellsville, N. Y., Miss Olive Bull, formerly of this place, was united in marriage to Mr. I J. Cooper of Bolivar. Mr. Cooper is the President of that village and one of its leading merchants. We unite with the happy bride's many friends in this section in extending congratulations.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Feelings of the South.

It appears that there were a few undaunted souls in the South who hoped that the recent dedication of statues to General J. E. B. Stuart and Jefferson Davis with Democratic ceremonies in Richmond would stir up sectional feeling to an extent that would prevent any possible realignment of political parties in the South. They were mistaken. The southern press took the matter calmly, published the news in full, commented on it intelligently and that was all. The Northern press indulged in none of the expected diatribes against Davis. In fact, with good taste and admirable temper, it viewed the matter as one of sentiment which had no enduring power to affect present conditions, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The few radicals left in the South seem to have taken this treatment of the situation in bad part and think that there must be treachery in the South, or else that the rising generation is not faithful enough to the principles of 1861-5. Well they are not hurting anyone. If they still insist in keeping open the sores no one is injured but themselves, and if they get the least comfort out of it they are welcome to it. But they should study history as it is and not as they think it is. They should remember that at the outbreak of the war probably not one-half of the people really wanted secession and many of those who seceded soon had grave misgivings. Longstreet is believing that it was to be only the means of returning to the Union on better terms. It should also be remembered that of the graduates of West Point from the south over one-half as pointed out by General Schaff, went with the Union.

But here comes the redoubtable John Temple Graves, editor of the Atlanta Georgian, who announces that the two foremost Democrats of the country are President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes, on the ground that they strive for the benefit of the whole people and are not the creatures of nor makers of privilege. On that ground we should say that pretty much all Republicans are Democrats, but as Democrats thrive on privilege, even if they do not avow it, it is hard to say what they shall be called. Certainly they are not Republicans. Mr. Graves wants Roosevelt nominated by all who are in favor of the masses and against the classes. Failing him he wants Hughes. He says next year's contest will be outside party lines and party names will count for nothing. This is a very large piece of prophecy that may not be genuine, but it does indicate that there are a lot of Democrats who think that they can elect no candidate of there own and want to get in under the roof in the easiest and quickest way possible. Well, they will be welcome—all of them.

More Pure Food Regulations.

An act passed by the General Assembly at its last session and approved by the Governor on the 28 day of May 1907 makes some important changes in the law regulating the sale of Feeding Stuffs within the State. It provides that wheat and rye brand and middlings or any mixture thereof, except when sold at the mill where made, must be accompanied by the name and address of the manufacture and a guarantee that the same is pure. Mixed feeds, except chops made by grinding whole grain, and all condimental feeds must be accompanied by the name and address of the manufactures and a statement of the several ingredients of which the mixture is composed. The minimum penalty for violating any of the provisions of the feeding stuffs law is raised from $50.00 to $100.00.

An act to regulate the sale of Paris Green, providing for the collection and analysis of samples of the same and the punishment of frauds in the manufacture and sale thereof, was also passed which was approved by the Governor on the 29th day of May 1907.

The Secretary of Agriculture who is charged with the enforcement of these acts will be glad to send copies of the same to any person who will write for them.

I will mail you free, to prove merits samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia, the heart or the kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Lawn Swings.

We have a few of our own make left, closing them out at $5, less than cost.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

REUB.

A Fourth of July Story.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet.

"Nick, there won't be no celebratin' nor we won't go traipsin' off to the town either. I went there last Fourth, an' the boys scairt my horse so he run off an' broke four dozen eggs. Nobody's goin' to step foot off this farm tomorrer, not if I kin help it. The Fourth's all humbug, an' I'm sick of it."

"But we still might have a day off for workin' so hard the rest of the spring, an' I'll bet the boy a little firecracker."

Mother Judkins didn't but didn't go to the Fourth. We'll have the day after, when there ain't no one in Indianola to interfere. If we're sensible we'll wait till the Rhode Island ships when we can pick enough to pay for a pair of shoes."

But we couldn't. Reub's clothin', Ennis' pants and Sally's wife hustlin' lively. I don't know that was our greatest with his flock. An' Reub has worked awful hard since he came an' been a good boy."

"Reub's clothin' Anna," impatiently, "it's the easiest I've had one suit o' clothes the last year, an' Reub's had one. I've had one straw hat an' one home-made cap an' Reub's had just the same as last Christmas. I bought me a pair o' fine dollar shoes. Mighty good set an' Reub's just about gone. Talk o' being reasonable! Not many men would treat their help just like themselves. When my shoes are worn out I'll buy two more pair. An' now Land's sakes, Sally's wife, the boy's got to have 'nuffin' off to-day. We must be up early to-morrer. There comes a train about eight, an' I've got to get to the bottom of a hundred or more deep holes drill in about forty rocks, each with a full charge a few inches away from the top. And he had told the truth, for there were only about forty

holes and the rocks altogether. He had counted them, and he Judkins had not. And, not only that, had not Mr Judkins' words implied that he wanted the rocks "set off" just as soon as they were ready? Well, he would attend to it and would see that they were set off before it was light enough for travel to commence on the road.

Enos Judkins was an extremely early riser sometimes not waiting for the first call from the barnyard to be up and out. But the next morning even the most alert of the roosters was asleep when there came a crash which shook the very windows of the house. Enos Judkins threw himself half up then fell back with a snort.

"Them lowsate Fourth o' Julyers," he grumbled, "they're startin' wuss'n they did last year. I never heerd them winders rattle afore. Folks'd think 'twas right in the next room instead of on a village a half mile off. Kinder like another tremendous crash louder even than the first again set the windows to rattling. What they got over there anyhow, a battery of artillery or Mount Vesuvius? He came on thinkin' last year didn't rank quarter that noise. I heard as a succession of half a dozen explosions followed by an almost continuous rumble with scarcely any appreciable space between shook the earth. What is the matter anyhow—the world comin' to an end?" He rose hastily and began to dress for the roosters were now all crowing and the dogs barking, and from the barn came a frightened bellowing and stamping of cattle. In the darkness and utter stillness of the night the crashes were terrifying. Before he could don his clothes and get outside there were a dozen or fifteen more explosions some coming singly others in a long scarcely broken rumble or in one great crash.

But once outside, the mystery was partly explained, for the air was strong with the smell of burned powder. It was the Fourth of Julyers as he had first thought but how in the name of reason had they managed to make so much noise?

Then came the last crashing explosion, and he started at first blankly, then with a sudden comprehension. The crash had not come from exactly the direction of the village but from the road past it.

The young reprobates! he cried wrathfully. He'd warrant all of them rocks, an' I told him plain they was to be let be till I was with 'em. I might a spiled some of the work if I took my eyes off 'em, but I'd 'a' stopped them terrible explosions. That's what I mean, an' I feel just the right way now to give it to 'em. Them sort o' things of the humor of the minute is second nature with 'em, an' they're the critters I don't encourage. Didn't he make a noise? Just he wants to 'Whew!' He must a been up all night gettin' the powder ready. I wonder what the village'll say? Julyers are thinkin' of 'most everything but the Fourth. They won't have no fireworks this year, that's sartain. Them rockets and Roman candles and sich like cost money, an' they're all for the Fourth. Julyers don't have to spend their money for nothin'. Well, I'll be switched if I ever was fooled so in a boy before. I'll—I'll—I'll—"

Words failed him, for at that moment there was a long line of dust, as he thought at first, appeared on the road leading from the village toward which he dashed. But on reaching the top he saw that it was a procession of boys, headed by the one he had left in charge of the rocks, and he knew that the dust was raised by their feet.

He stood a trifle, frowning, as the leader came over the crest

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

In, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

O. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St. where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

Ney and Myers Hay Carriers, Single and Double Harpoon Hay-forks, Scythes and Snaths, Rope, Binder Twine, Mason Lightning and Safety Valve Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses, Aluminum Preserving Kettles, Screen Doors and Windows, at

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store, SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 18, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—D. C. Vandy has a new advertisement this week.

—A man named Hoofmeister killed a 240-pound bear on Portage creek last week.

—J. W. Waite is advertising the Sharples Tubular Cream Separator in his new ad.

—The Olean team has dropped out of the Interstate League and its old time battles with Bradford.

—The Grange National Bank has a new advertisement this week which will be of interest to all.

—While raiding a negro resort in Pittsburg early Friday morning Officer Patrick Sullivan was shot to death and another officer wounded.

—A Canisteo paper says that a boy of that place was made ill by eating a fish which he caught in the Canisteo river. It is claimed the fish was poisoned by stuff put into the river by factories.

—After landing an obstreperous person in the Lock Haven jail on July 4th Policeman Peter Griffith dropped dead in the corridor of the jail as the result of over exertion. He had heart disease.

—"The Toymakers" will be the attraction at the Lyceum, Saturday, Oct. 26. Mr. Charles F. Pidgin, author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is the author of the story and the play, and we wish to thank the author for a copy of the book.

—The Goodyear Lumber Co. has commenced its railroad which will take the logs and bark on their large tract at the head of Pointo creek to Austin. This is the largest tract of virgin timber in the state and lovers of nature will hate to see it destroyed.

—A dispatch dated July 12, says: Starvation in a B. & O. box car, in which he had penned himself by accident was the fate of Alex Phillips, aged 14 years, the runaway son of J. Phillips, of DuBois. The boy came from Butler to DuBois last Sunday. He was urged by friends of the family to go home Monday but instead went to the railroad yards and clammered into a boxcar. He closed the door and when the lad tried to get out of the car he found the door fastened. Car inspectors found the body, and papers in his pockets told of his identity. The body was shipped to DuBois today.

What Do They Cure?

The above question is often asked concerning Dr. Pierce's two leading medicines, "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription."

The answer is that "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most potent alterative or blood-purifier, and tonic or invigorator and acts especially favorably in a curative way upon all the mucous lining surfaces of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, liver and bladder—causing a large per cent. of catarrhal pains whatever the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, lungs, bronchia, stomach (as in catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as in mucous colitis), bladder, uterus or other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or lingering cases of long standing that other medicines fail to benefit, the use of the "Discovery" is advised for a fair trial. In all acute affections of the throat, such as ordinary sore throat, bronchitis, coughs, colds, hoarseness, la grippe, etc., it is a prompt and efficient remedy.

"Favorite Prescription" is advised for the special derangements and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is a powerful yet perfectly safe invigorating tonic and nervine. For weak women, over-worked women—no matter what has caused the break-down, "Favorite Prescription" will be found most effective in building up the strength, regulating the womanly functions, subduing pain and bringing about a healthy, vigorous condition of the whole system.

A book of particulars wraps each bottle giving the formulas of both medicines and quoting what scores of eminent medical authors, whose works are consulted by physicians of all the schools of practice as guides in prescribing, say of each ingredient entering into these medicines.

The words of praise bestowed on the several ingredients entering into Doctor Pierce's medicines by such writers should have more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials, because such men are writing for the guidance of their medical brethren and know whereof they speak.

Both medicines are non-alcoholic, non-secret, and contain no harmful habit-forming drugs, being composed of glycerin extracts of the roots of native, American medicinal forest plants. They are both sold by dealers in medicine. You don't afford to accept as a substitute for one of these medicines of known composition, any secret nostrum.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Hoped He Wouldn't Grow.

A well known member of parliament was addressing an agricultural meeting in the south of England and in the course of his remarks expressed the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops and make a mistake in always sowing wheat.

One of the audience opposed to him in politics asked him what crops he would recommend.

"Everything in turn," he replied.

"Well," said his interlocutor, "if swedes don't come up, what then?"

"Sow mustard," said the M. P.

"And if mustard doesn't come up, what then?"

And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the M. P.'s patience being exhausted, he put an end to his questioning amid roars of laughter by saying:

"Oh, sow yourself, and I hope you won't come up."

English Plum Pudding.

For English plum pudding clean, wash and dry a pound of currants; stone a pound of raisins. Mix the currants, raisins, a pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of stale breadcrumbs, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, half a pound of minced candied orange peel, a quarter of a pound of flour, half of a grated nutmeg. Beat five eggs, add to them half a pint of orange juice, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased small kettles or molds. This will make about six pounds. Boil ten hours. Serve with hard sauce.

A Carlyle Comment.

A gentleman once happened to visit Carlyle just after a brilliant man of genius had left him. As they met at the door the man of genius said: "I have just been visiting poor Carlyle. He is a mere wreck, a mere wreck." As the second visitor greeted Carlyle he remarked, "So, you've just had Mr. —— with you?" "Yes," was the answer of the "mere wreck," "and he thinks God Almighty never made such another!"

The Surprise.

Grandma — Were you surprised to have me come and visit you? Johnny—Not so surprised as mamma was. Grandma—Why, she knew I was coming. Johnny—Yes; what she was surprised at was papa's language when she told him about it.—Cleveland Leader.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Baby's Opinion of Her Father.

Before Susy began the biography she let fall a remark now and then concerning my character which showed that she had it under observation. In the record which we kept of the children's sayings there is an instance of this. She was twelve years old at the time. We had established a rule that each morning of the family must bring a fact to breakfast—a fact drawn from a book or from any other source; any fact would answer. Susy's first contribution was in substance as follows: Two great exiles and former opponents in war met, in Ephesus, Scipio and Hannibal. Scipio asked Hannibal to name the greatest general the world had produced.

"Alexander," and he explained why.

"And the next greatest?"

"Pyrrhus," and he explained why.

"But where do you place yourself, then?"

"If I had conquered you, I would place myself before the others."

Susy's grave comment was:

"That attracted me. It was just like papa, he is so frank about his books."

So frank in admitting them, she meant.—From "Mark Twain's Autobiography" in North American Review.

Impossible.

A year or so ago an American student in Berlin was attending a lecture in a room crowded across through lack of ventilation. To keep awake he began whispering to a German at his side the story of Mark Twain about the man who lived all his life in a cigarette fort of fresh air. The natives of this land, as it will be known, decided after his death to have his remains cremated, and the climax of the story occurs when the undertaker, opening the door of the oven to see whether incineration was complete, was appalled to hear the corpse speak and request him to close the door and shut off the draft. The American spoke like as effectively as he could, but never a smile was his reward. His German friend remained for several moments in a perplexed study; then he leaned over to the American and said: "But how could that be? The man was dead!"—Harper's Weekly.

Power of Falling Water.

It is perfectly well known to every one that water constantly dropping upon a stone will wear it away, and there is a trite old proverb regarding this fact. The force of a single drop of water falling from a height is not great, but the results of this blow when it is many times repeated are astounding. There is a story of one poor wretch who was bound with his back to a stone wall that had a stream of water "of the thickness of a man's finger" directed on to his bare head, the water falling from a height of about eighteen feet. The receptacle from which this apparently harmless stream trickled was a barrel holding only twenty gallons, but before the water had done its work half ran out the man was dead, with a hole in his skull which exposed the brain.—Popular Mechanics.

All She Knew.

In the absence of the writer and the illness of the coroner, Mr. Taylor undertook to hold the inquest himself. Mallory to direct. He had succeeded in getting her arms in the sleeves and through the complexities of her garments and had buttoned her into them. Then he told her to put on her shoes herself, and he would button them. He soon discovered that she was vainly striving to put a left shoe on her right foot.

"Why, Mallory," he said impatiently, "don't you know any better than that? You are putting your shoes on the wrong feet."

"I know all de facts I dat, pops," replied Mallory tearfully.—Youth's Companion.

Climbing a Water Stair.

Even a steamboat can climb a hill by going up one step at a time. This remarkable performance can be witnessed several times daily during the season of navigation beside the Vrang waterfall in the Bandak Norsje canal, Norway. At this point falls in the river prevent the passage of boats up or down, and a canal has been built round the rapids and falls. The ascent is made through a series of locks which accommodate one boat at a time, and in passing from the lower to the upper lock the boat is lifted about ninety feet.

Spider Talk.

(In the kindergarten during a natural history lesson.) Teacher—So you see one of the differences between us and animals is that we can talk. Little Boy (or three)—Spiders can talk, Teacher—No, dear; spiders are very clever little insects, but they can't talk. Little Boy—Well, then, how did the spider say, "Will you come into my parlor?"

The Mistake.

Customer (looking at the bill)—Here, waiter, there surely some mistake in this total. Waiter (politely)—Ze thousand pardons, sir! Mit my usual carelessness I have added in ze date and vorgot to charge you for ze butter.—London Answers.

Health and Music.

Health is of the first importance in any business or profession, but in the musical profession it is the very essence of the whole thing. And how to preserve that health is the bugbear of a musician's life.—London Black and White.

Disappointed Hopes.

"You can't rake up anything against that candidate." "Well, I happen to know he is in love with a married woman." "Do you? Oh, who is she?" "His wife."—Baltimore American.

Why They Left.

"Hello, George! What's everybody crowding out of the drawing room for? Have refreshments been announced?" George—No. But Aunt Matilda is getting ready to sing.

Envy is an awkward homage that inferiority pays to merit.—La Motte.

How to Become an Artist.

Holman Hunt began his art labors when at the age of four he cut off a lock of his own hair to make a paint brush. It is rather a serious matter for the young artist rightly to choose [illegible] and as far as possible inadequate means of beginning his career. We all know the story of Benjamin West and the cat's tail. Alleyne, being a colorist, is supposed to have appropriated the luscious hues from flowers to make his paints. As there are probably many young artists contemplating a career, why not suggest a few new ways of beginning?

Make a brush from popper's shaving brush, from mummer's hairbrush, from uncle's chin whiskers, from aunthe's false front.

No doubt the reason there are few great artists nowadays is that it is so hard to hold really usable paint brushes. They are thrust upon children in the public schools. How can we hope for a Benjamin West with brushes a drug on the market?—Philip L. Hale in Boston Herald.

A Dog Detective.

In 1820 a peasant was found murdered in a wood in the department of the Eure, France, with his dog sitting near the body. No clew could at first be gained as to the perpetrators of the crime, and the victim's widow continued to live in the same cottage, accompanied always by the faithful dog. In February, 1837, two men, apparently travelers, stopped at the house, requesting shelter from the storm, which was then granted, but no sooner had the dog seen them than he flew at them with great fury and would not be pacified. As they were quitting the house one of them said to the other, "That cursedly dog has not forgotten us." This raised the suspicion of the widow, who overheard it, and she applied to the gendarmes in the neighborhood, who followed and arrested the men. After a long examination one of the criminals confessed.—Ralph Neville in Outing Magazine.

A New Phase of Biology.

A widow recently came from Albany to live with relatives in Brooklyn. Her new neighbors discovered that she was given to pronouncing about small matters. On her own behalf she claimed to take the "poetic view" of life. But one of her neighbors was inclined to use a "shorter and more ugly word" in describing the trait. Among other things the woman from Albany stated that her late husband was a biologist in the state's service, presumably at Albany. Later on it was learned that he really had been in the state's service, doing time at Sing Sing for a small forgery.

A professor's wife came to the rescue. "Biologist is the poetic term; all right," she said. "My husband tells me a biologist is a student of cell life."—Brooklyn Eagle.

He Couldn't Plow.

A curious incident connected with the great Napoleon's life is recorded in the latest of the "Souvenirs" published by his secretary, Bourrienne. "Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "was always fond of children, and I remember one day when I was with him in the garden at Malmaison, a little girl, who had come with her mother to present a petition to the First Consul, was playing with the hilt of his sword. Napoleon took the child's hand and attempted to guide it himself. But the weak little girl, being unable to control the plow, overturned the plow and spoiled the furrow.

The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCVIV, took in the neighboring field a ploughshare from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."

Greenland Whales.

The great Greenland whale has no teeth, its baleen plates or whalebone, taking their place. Along the center of the palate runs a strong ridge, and on each side of this there is a wide depression along which the plates are inserted. These are long and flat, bending free, and are placed across the mouth with their sides parallel and near each other. The base and outer edge of the plates are of solid whalebone, but the inner edges are fringed, filling up the interior of the mouth and acting as a strainer for the food, which consists of the small swimming mollusks and medusae or jellyfish.

A Man's Career.

A man ought to look upon his career as a great artist looks upon his masterpiece, as an out-picturing of his best self, upon which he looks with infinite pride and a satisfaction which nothing else can give. Yet many people are so loosely connected with their vocation that they are easily separated from it.—Success Magazine.

England and Australia are the only islands which excel Cuba in their natural resources.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed.

Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic laxative.

This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists and it is saving more doctor's bills than any other medicine has ever saved.

It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases.

Part of the Letter We Read.

"Did you ever think," said an old printer, "that we really notice only the upper halves of the letters? The lower halves are in many cases only the stems, the remainders of ornamental flourishes which have been gradually reduced in size and length and are now meaningless. Take, for instance, the handling of a pencil. Come up with a blank sheet the lower half of the letters, and even if you did not know what they were you would have no difficulty in reading the words. Now, reverse the process and cover the upper half, and if you did not know the words it would be impossible to make out the letters. This fact is even more plainly seen in the case of the Roman letters used for headlines. An L might be mistaken for an I, but nearly all the other letters are so plainly indicated by the shape of the upper half that the lines may be read without difficulty."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dueling in Old Creole Days.

When dueling was an actual factor in the social order of this country, it had many worthy and notable exponents, including no less distinguished personages than Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, Stephen Decatur and others of the same type, but nowhere on this continent was it so much an established institution as in that peculiarly romantic old city of New Orleans. It was woven into the very fabric of the life of the community, and many a crumbling tombstone in the antiquated creole cemeteries bears grim and silent witness to the fact, though to understand the situation more clearly one should breathe, so to speak, the atmosphere of the period.—Louis J. Meunier in Century.

A Fish Story.

The latest fish story concerns the herring and sea gull, and it comes from Nanaimo. A boat load of herring, coquahalla about seven tons, was left at Johnston's Wharf, Nanaimo, during the noon hour while the fishermen went to dinner. During their absence several thousand sea gulls descended upon the fish and gorged themselves to their heart's content. The fisherman says there is quite all the fish on one side of the boat with such good results that they emptied it, and when the last herring had been removed from that side it was like the last straw that broke the camel's back, for the boat, with all the weight on the other side, upset, spilling all the remaining fish into the water.—Shanghai Mercury.

Devoured by Jackals.

Foreign papers tell a story of a woman at Philippeville, in Algeria, who was seated by her baby's cradle on the veranda of her house when she was called within by her husband. Returning to the veranda after an absence of a few minutes, she found the cradle knocked over and the baby gone. Next day native shepherds discovered in the undergrowth of a wood the bones of a young child and a string of amber beads, which were immediately recognized by the mother as having been on her child's neck. There is no doubt that the infant was carried off and devoured by jackals.—A correspondent writes:

What Is an Orator?

The true orator is the man who can make people laugh, cry and reel while he says it; in truth, the ultimate orator is the man who has brass enough in his coat to bring the shine to the face, pathos enough in his heart to bring the tear to the eye and dignity enough in his bearing to persuade of above men. He is an exponent of the spoken word. He is a pilgrim moving toward the home of the ideal. He is the embodiment of earnestness, enthusiasm and eloquence.—Exchange.

He Knew Mother.

"See here," cried the boy's father, "if you don't behave I'll whip you!"

"I wisht you would," replied the bad boy.

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, 'cause when it's all over ma will gimme some candy."—Exchange.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He has a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Rheumatism

I have found relief and cured [illegible] by Rheumatism. Now I am entirely free from the disease and have no pain. Every dreaded limbs of rheumatism have begun to grow back to flesh again. Treat by injection. But I can now easily kill the pain and cure of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy is now made a perfect, scientific preparation. Without that it was incomplete. I successfully treated many, many cases of rheumatism with it, but I found [illegible] cases. All cases of rheumatism [illegible] such dreaded disease. These are the germ-like poisons found in rheumatic blood. Destroy these and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous matter [illegible] Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no need to—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We will, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by John Magani, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage [illegible]

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, **35c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, **30c**

We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan **50c**

Black Coffee **10, 20, 22, & 35 cents**

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1 per column per square, payable monthly. Our only position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and Administrators' notices, $1.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 18, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner—
E. E. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

It is about time there was something doing politically in this section. Things are pretty tame.

SEVEN mine workers, all Italians, were killed in an abandoned slope of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, at Honey Brook Thursday by deadly white damp.

A JAPANESE spy was arrested last Thursday while making plans of Fort Rosecrans in California. However there is no immediate danger of an war with the Japs.

At Roanoke, Va., Saturday night a mob wrecked nine Greek restaurants and other shops. The trouble started over a trival matter but reached gigantic proportions in a short time.

THE intimation that Senator Frye has a case of the whites at the idea to freeze while he was engaged in saving the life of the drowning waitress, is a campaign lie, pure and simple, says the Era.

BY the explosion of a charge of powder in the mouth of a cannon in one of the turrets of the battleship Georgia, in Massachusetts Bay, Monday, six men were killed and 15 injured. Not one of the persons in the turret escaped injury.

LEON MARTIN, a hoyd reviewist who is supposed to be insane, attempted to kill President Fallieres of France at the national fete in Paris on Saturday. He fired two shots at the President but did not hit him. He was arrested at once.

MRS. BOWIE and her son, Henry, who killed Hubert Posey because he had talked Miss Bowie and then refused to marry her were acquitted on account of insanity at LaPlata, Md., last Friday. Thus it will be seen that the unwritten law holds good in the South.

DEAD timber is taken in the bill that passed the Wisconsin State Assembly by a three to one vote. The first section of the bill will be watched closely by political experts and it is believed that if the Wisconsin experiment proves the plan a success, it will be adopted by other States with the result that the personnel of the Upper House of Congress likely will suffer a remarkable change.—Era.

SOME of our business men are of the opinion that the Smethport merchants are making a mistake by closing their stores so early, especially in the summer. Along this line of argument it is cited that we should have more of the farmer's trade than we have now and that we do not get it is due to the fact that all of our farmers have to work all day and do their shopping nights and many therefore go to other towns or patronize mail order houses. We should have the rural trade in Smethport, and this suggestion will bear looking into closely by our merchants.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1907.

This is bad weather for monopolies in restraint of trade. No sooner has the government outlined the scheme of a receivership for lawbreaking trusts than there comes another announcement of a plan that the President has been working over for some time which is to make the government a part owner of the railroads and have a government representative on the board of directors of each of the principal lines. This is really about the neatest, most up-to-date and inexpensive scheme that has been broached yet. It makes the government part owner of the railroads, a minority stockholder in fact, and puts the federal authorities in position to know what is going on inside the directorate without saddling the government with the burden of direct ownership and without eliminating the much vaunted "private brain" which is always advanced by railroad officials as a sufficient reason why the roads can be run better under private than under government ownership.

The plan as outlined by some of the people who have talked with the President at Oyster Bay is simple in the extreme. It is simply for the government to buy a certain amount of stock in the big roads in the open market. It would not have to be a large amount, considering the influence of the federal authorities to insure the election of a government director on the board of each of the big trunk lines. Such a director would have to be a picked man, one of ability coupled with unquestionable honesty. Being a party to the meetings of the board, he would be in position to know what was being done and would be able to advise the Department of Justice of anything unlawful that the railroad either had done or contemplated doing. There could be no reasonable objection on the part of the railroads to such government representation, for the only object of such a man would be to report railroad law breaking. Of course, the railroads cannot confess that they ever want to break the law, so they could make no logical objection to the presence of an official whose business was to see they did not. Congress would of course, have to appropriate the money to buy stock, but it is not likely that Congress would raise any objection to an expenditure of this sort.

The periodical announcement has come to the War Department, not officially, but by way of the newspapers, of the arrest of a Japanese spy who has been sketching the coast defenses. This time the spy has been caught in Fort Rosecrans, at San Diego, Cal. Possibly it is the same spy who has been caught by the papers so often before. If it is, he ought by this time to have quite a large and interesting portfolio of American coast defense plans. He has been caught, granting, of course, that it is the same spy, at Manila, Fortress Monroe, Fort McHenry and one or two other places. He has always had to be let go because there was no law to punish a man for making sketches of American forts. But it only shows how active Japanese spies are (in Jingo newspapers) for the same sort of a capture occurs almost regularly every three times a month. The only curious part of the story is that it never gets officially reported to the War Department, which is the first thing that would be done if the capture were ever really made.

Along with the very recent announcement of the capture of the Japanese spy comes a very pacific speech from the Japanese admiral, Baron Yamamoto, who lunched with the President this week and was entertained at a banquet in New York. Baron Yamamoto is almost the ranking admiral of the Japanese navy. He has been on a tour of Europe with a very distinguished suite comprising a number of high naval officers and princes more or less closely connected with the throne. He has seen all of the latest development in the European navies, and is stopping in this country to find out what the United States is doing while on his way back to Japan. He made a very agreeable after dinner speech in the presence of Admiral Evans, Admiral Coghlan, Stewart L. Woodford and a number of other leading Americans. The burden of his talk was that the United States had been the first friend of Japan among the Western nations. We had opened up the country to western civilization, and Japan had us to thank for her entire progress of the past half century. The Japanese people were grateful and did not even like to think of these long existing ties of friendship being broken, and so far as Japan was concerned, the present friction over exclusion on the Pacific coast would never go into actual hostilities. The conclusion of this was true enough for several good and sufficient reasons, the chief of which is that Japan was neither physically nor financially able to fight. Moreover, there is nothing to fight about. Finally the Hague Conference has decided that there must be a declaration before hostilities, and this will balk Japanese tactics.

Rather a curious state of affairs has developed in the Smithsonian, where there is some inflation of the institutions being eaten up by some of its own collections. The enemy is nothing less than the white ant. The Smithsonian has animals and insects of all sorts from all from the four quarters of the earth for exhibition and study. There have been several importations of white ants, and it seems that some of them must have gotten loose in the building and found comfortable quarters through the winter in the neighborhood of the steam pipes. They have increased greatly, and following their natural habits have burrowed out nests in the most conveniently located woodwork. Tables and chairs have been attacked and in some cases fairly riddled before it was discovered what was the matter. Indeed, it would not have been discovered now, except for a rather stout female employee who sat down too vigorously in one of the chairs. It went to pieces with her, and inspection showed that the ants had made a perfect shell of the woodwork. It is hard to tell just how much damage has been done, as the ants work from the heart of the wood outward, but the discovery has set the under part of the force ant catching with anything but scientific ardor.

If you suffer from bloating, belching sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia take a Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinosalva Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

My wife having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby forbid all persons trusting or harboring her as I will pay no bills of her contracting. C. O. CASKEY.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

VACATION EXCURSIONS

$10 from SMETHPORT to

Atlantic City

Cape May

Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City

New Jersey

AUGUST 2, 16 and 26, 1907

Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER OF 10 DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, or on return trip, without deposit, within limit. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager — GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason Block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

Drugs and Medicines Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stationary, Playing Cards, Fine Confectionary, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Leather and Rubber Goods at

L. K. Hogarth's,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

Lane's

21 MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 850 Union Phone 402

Special Bargain Sale.

We are now offering all Millinery, Shirt Waists, Shirt Waist Suits and Separate Skirts at genuine bargains. Don't fail to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

Did you know that I keep all kinds of PACKING for

Autos,
Gas, Steam and Gasoline Engines,
Pumps, Etc.?

My line of

Rubber,
Candle Wicks,
Asbestos,
Asbestos Rope,
Wire Woven and all leather packings is complete.

Don't Forget.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. Smethport

Notice of Dissolution.

In the matter of the Dissolution of the JOHNSONBURG and BRADFORD RAILROAD COMPANY } In the Court of Common Pleas of Elk County, Pa. No. 91 August Term, 1907.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Elk County on the 2nd day of July, 1907, praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the Court has fixed the 5th day of August, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., for hearing said application for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend if they deem it expedient, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of said petitioner.

Ridgway, Pa. McCAULEY & WHITMORE, Solicitors for Petitioner.

SUMMER CLOTHING . A STRAW HATS

GOOD LINE OF SHIRTS AT 50c EACH

Swell New Neckwear and Fancy Pocket Handkerchiefs.

We close at 6 p. m. except Mondays and Saturdays

H. W. RUBIN,

LADIES OXFORDS SMETHPORT. PENNA MEN'S OXFORDS

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.

Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

The Brownell Store.

Andrews & Scull, Props

Having disposed of the Dry Goods Department of the Brownell Store, we are in a position to carry the best and most complete line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

of any city store. Orders taken and promptly delivered. PRICES RIGHT.

CALL and SEE US.

Andrews & Scull.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES — WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford Smethport, Pa.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa.

OUR ANNUAL

JULY CLEARANCE SALE

Commences FRIDAY JULY 19 and continues through the month.

CLEARANCE is the word we use and CLEARANCE is what we mean.

Clearance of stocks that have been selling rapidly during the past and present season.

We have many of the choice patterns and most popular goods that must go to make room for fall stock which will soon be here. Prices are disregarded and you will find that each piece is a value for you.

If you visited our Sales of 1905 and 1906 you will be with us now in 1907. If you did not you should start now, for though you have missed good things in the past you will find that

THIS SALE

—for rare values has never been equalled under our roof.

Come early. Small lots are choice usually and are gone first. Be the wise one and be early.

We have not room in this space to put in all the price quotations. Even if we did you must see the goods to know the values. Come and compare our offerings with regular priced goods. It wont take an expert to figure your savings.

Try our plan of Clearance. If it saves you dollars you are satisfied are you not?

If it clears our shelves of the goods that are now selling, takes them all, we are satisfied. That's what we want.

To do this we cut prices, disregard actual value, pass goods on to you at a price which is, in many instances, less than cost to us. But we are accomplishing our end and you are being benefitted.

Can we do more?

Yours,

The Lindholm Co.

DALY & GARLICK'S HARDWARE.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING
YOU WANT IN THE
LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

OR IN

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES

OF ANY
KIND WE HAVE IT.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW FIRM.

TRY CHI-NA-MEL ON YOUR FLOOR

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 18, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Elks of Olean are having a big street carnival this week.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman is offering some special bargains in her ad this week.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon.

—Rev. Hopkins of Hazelhurst will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning.

—Farmers have commenced their haying and it seems to be a good crop in most places.

—Be sure you don't overlook the new advertisement for the Grange National Bank in this issue.

—Remember the meeting of the W. C. T. U., July 24, in the M. E. chapel at 8 o'clock. Note the hour.

—The front of Keefe's Jewelry Store has received a fresh coat of paint, which makes quite an improvement.

—Mrs. F. H. Hinman entertains 16 ladies this afternoon in honor of Mrs. John J. Miller of Charleston, W. Va.

—Tuesday and Wednesday were extremely hot days and many people died from the heat in the large cities.

—The Lindholm Co., in another space this week, is advertising a great July Clearance Sale which all should read.

—Moving pictures at the Lyceum next Saturday. In the afternoon at 2:30 children will be admitted free and adults charged 10 cents and in the evening at 8:30 the prices will be 5 and 10 cents.

—On Tuesday a good sized black bear was seen going across the fields of A. L. Boyer, about three miles south of town.

—One or two interesting communications have been crowded out for the past two weeks owing to more important local news.

—Mrs. C. H. Raymond was taken to the Kane Hospital Monday, and yesterday she was operated on by Drs. Kane and Chadwick.

—Your attention is called once more to Morheimer's hole proof hosiery ad on this page. Morheimer will do exactly as he advertises.

—The Elks of the world are herding in the city of Brotherly Love this week and it is needless to say that they are having a good time.

—Edinboro Normal is one of the best schools in which to learn to teach. Fall session begins Sept. 10th. Catalog free. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Kane has thrown up the sponge and dropped out of the Interstate League. The league will be reorganized and the season will be finished with six teams.

—Wm. Morheimer has been laid up for a little over a week past with a sprained leg. A week ago Monday he fell while out fishing, injuring that member.

—A State Milk Inspector was in town on Tuesday and took samples of the milk sold by owners of the three routes in town. After making an analysis he he will report but we feel sure that the milk is all right.

—The pathmaster on the Farmers Valley road below the flugway should take lessons in putting in sluices. There is at least one across that road that is not only dangerous to automobiles but to those who use carriages and such conveyances.

—If you do not come to the McKean County Fair and Races this year you will make the mistake of your life. Remember the dates—September 17, 18, 19 and 20.

—Miss Belva Gerrit was taken to the Bradford Hospital Tuesday and today is to be operated on for appendicitis. Her many friends here hope it will be a successful one.

—R. L. Nichols died at his home in Coudersport on Monday of last week. He was 80 years of age, a prominent Mason and one of Coudersport's most respected citizens.

—The postoffice at Roulette, Pa., was entered by burglars about 2:30 o'clock Tuesday morning and the safe blown. The thieves got away with about $300 in cash and about $250 worth of stamps.

—Some of our local fishermen have been catching some large trout the past ten days. Thus far W. J. Kerr has the largest which was 15½ inches long and weighed over two pounds dressed.

—The Kane Republican is making a strong fight to carry a special election for issuing bonds for a new school building and other school improvements. It is a worthy cause and should carry easily.

—Dick Higgins who has been in the county jails for 242 days for having small trout in his possession, was liberated on Monday. His sentence was 540 days but he was pardoned by Governor Stuart.

—There was never a better time than now for the study and practice of scientific dieting. The provision market quotations are furnishing all the requisite inspirations for a more rigid regulation of what we eat. It is not only healthful but necessary.

—George, the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sherburne, chauffeur for R. W. Hilton, fell off a porch last Saturday afternoon striking his collar bone. Medical aid was summoned and the little fellow was made as comfortable as possible.

—A large party of Smethport people went to Norwich township to see the new well shot on Monday. Mrs. Grace Snyder and Mrs. Wesley Sloat dropped the "golden oil" which exploded the nitro-glycerine. The well, however, proved to be a duster.

—While both teams were hitting the ball hard and often Duke Servatius was the only one to get a four-sacker. His drive in the seventh inning of the second game came after there were two fouls on him. It saved the day for Clymer's men.—Columbus Sun.

—Martin W. Miller of Hazelhurst died at the County Home on Sunday, aged about 50 years. Mr. Miller was injured near Hazelhurst about four weeks ago by an explosion of dynamite which badly lacerated his foot and blood poisoning set in causing his death. He is survived by a wife and one daughter. His remains were laid at rest near the County Home on Monday.

—Farmers residing along Darien brook, near Eldred, are loosing their horses as a result of a strange disease which cannot be accounted for. During the past couple of weeks a number of valuable farm horses have been found dead in the pastures. Efforts have been made to find out what is causing the deaths, but the veterinarians are unable to determine what the disease is.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Gustaf Lindquist died at his home in Clermont on Saturday aged 24 years, after an illness of over a year of consumption. He is survived by a mother and one brother who will mourn the death of a kind and affectionate son and brother. He was a popular young man and will be missed by many friends in that section. The funeral services were held in Clermont on Monday and the burial was in Bayer cemetery.

—The medicine show that was here last week and Monday night gave several prize contests. On Friday evening Mabel Bronk received a pretty parasol for driving ten nails quicker than her competitors. Saturday night John Henrietta captured fifty cents in a candy eating contest. Monday night Mary Henrietta won another parasol in the thread contest, and S. G. Bush held the lucky number which drew the watch and chain.

—Peter Forrestol, a well known saloon keeper of Buffalo and sporting man was stabbed to death while sitting in front of his saloon by George Hodson, early last Thursday morning. After killing Forrestol he went up stairs and stabbed Marie Smith in the abdomen. Hodson is a Spanish war veteran who is a well-known tenderloin character and for a time lived with the Smith woman. She left him recently and he was jealous.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dodd's Little Liver Pills are used. Make complexion clear, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for those in delicate health. Sold by Dr. Chas. Wm. Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

Slab Wood.

16 inch hardwood slabs, only 75c per cord. HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Lemon Sherbet, Choclate and Vanilla Ice Creams, Cantaloupe Sundaes, at Hogarth's Saturday.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

A MOTORCYCLE FOR YOU

DO YOU WANT TO OWN A MOTORCYCLE?

We have an attractive offer to make to one man in each town on the famous "Thomas Auto-Bi" Motorcycle. A rare opportunity for some one. Why not you? For particulars address

The THOMAS AUTO-BI CO.
1463-1465 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Personal Mention.

Samuel E. Bell was a Bradford visitor on Saturday.

T. H. Pancoast is in New York City on business this week.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton is passing a few weeks at Hornell, N. Y.

Mrs. Wesley Shepard of Nebraska is visiting friends in town.

Lawrence Coleman of Port Allegany is visiting friends in town.

Miss Carrie Wilkinson is visiting friends in Olean this week.

Mrs. Grace Snyder of Harrisburg is visiting Mrs. C. A. Burdick.

Maj. Lester Simons of Bradford was a Smethport visitor on Monday.

Mrs. John Blake of Eldred is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Miss Rita Gorton is visiting relatives and friends in Cuba and Friendship, N. Y.

Mrs. E. A. John of Manistee, Mich., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Neil Gleason and Myron Gallup returned Saturday from a week's visit in Buffalo.

Mrs. Heimer and Miss Mayme Colegrove visited friends in Mt. Jewett over Sunday.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and John Forrest had business in New York City the first of the week.

Murl Backus of New York City is visiting at the home of his mother, Mrs. M. A. Backus.

Mrs. J. J. Summersgill and daughter, Ruth, were visiting relatives in Bradford over Sunday.

Mrs. Ella Foster of Independence, Kansas, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Mrs. E. W. Workley, son, Howard and daughter, Margaret, are visiting relatives in York, N. Y.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman attended the funeral of Mrs. Minerva Lyman of Roulette on Tuesday of last week.

E. C. Farrison of Bradford and formerly of this place, has just returned from the oil fields in Peru.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell and children of Ridgway are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce and Miss Ida Bennett returned Monday from a two weeks' camping trip at the head of Potato creek.

Miss Isabelle Roberts returned to her home in Coles, N. Y., last Saturday after spending a week with Miss Marjorie Gleason.

J. C. Backus left Monday for Washington, D. C., with his new Stanley speed car for automobiles which he proposes to have patented.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman entertained one of her classmates, Mr. Raymond W. Prather of Mobile, Alabama, last week who is extensively interested in lumbering in the Gulf States.

Hon. Jos. W. Bouton, N. B. Bouton, W. H. Morrison, J. L. Mowbray, John Forrest, J. B. Eastman of this place and B. M. Cooper of Newton left yesterday morning for a fishing trip on the Trent river, Ontario, Canada.

Change of Terminal at Olean, N. Y.

Commencing Monday, June 17, 1907, all passenger trains of the P., S. & N. R. R. will arrive in and depart from the Shawmut station, Union St., corner of Green, Olean, N. Y., instead of Pennsylvania station, as formerly. The Shawmut station is conveniently located near center of the business section and is reached by Union St. line of W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co. (Glenn Street Railway).

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Notice.

Why let your hay spoil on account of a leaky roof when you can get cedar shingles at $2.50 per thousand, also a good quality of hemlock lumber at $18 of CHAS. PUTTON, Crosby.

Window and Door Screens

Made to order, or the factory grades. HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

You Pay No More for

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

than the ordinary kind—but you get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery is guaranteed to wear for six months without holes.

If a hole develops, if darning is necessary inside of six months we will give new ones without a murmur and without fuss. They are sold in boxes of six pairs—at $2 a box colors black, brown and pearl for either men or women.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS
$1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS
10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

JULY CLEARANCE BARGAINS

This store offers exceptional money-saving opportunities these July days. Its a winding up time for summer goods—we must get rid of the small lots of hot weather goods now in anticipation of the fall stocks which will soon be asking for shelf and counter room and your attention. Most of the lots are small but there is a rich picking for the prompt ones.

Colored Wash Goods

10c Lawns and Batistes	@ 8c	15c and 20c Foulards and Tissues	@ 14c
12½c "	" 10c	50c Silk Mulls	" 38c
	25c and 35c Silk Mulls and Organdies	@ 19c	

Notions

5c Finishing Braids	@ 2c	200 yd Machine Thread	3c
25c Belts	25c	35c Belts	13c
$1.00 and $1.50 Corsets	68c	50c Corsets	38c

Men's Furnishings

Heavy Working Sox	60c per doz. prs.	Working Shirts	25c
	50c Balbriggan Underwear, blue and tan		38c
	50c Jean Drawers, white		38c

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. Turn-selling the highest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way for look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money making and labor saver, it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent, and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

U All No After Dinner Mints. 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

IN Ward Seven.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1897, by P. C. Eastment.

"Nurse," piped the small boy in cot 8, "the doctor's dead stuck on you."

"Hush," said the nurse and bent over him and tickled him up.

Her cheeks were very red as she went out of the ward, and when she was alone in the diet kitchen she said under her breath, "The idea!"

That afternoon she carried a wee bunch of violets to the small boy and pinned them on his little white night shirt. "I picked them in the yard," she told him. "Spring is coming, and I saw a robin on the lawn."

The small boy eyed her adoringly and when the doctor came he whispered, "The nurse gave 'em to me—the pretty one with the blue eyes."

"Nurse Isabelle?" asked the big, fair haired doctor.

"Yes," said the small boy, "the one you're stuck on."

The doctor stared at him through his thick eyeglasses. "The idea!" he said, then with the red coming into his face, "Don't talk, Jimmie; it's bad for you."

But when he had tended the poor little throat and the boy lay weak and pale on his pillow the doctor whispered, "May I have a violet, Jimmie?" and the small boy nodded, and the doctor laid the little blue flower carefully in his pocketbook between the prescriptions and the unpaid bills.

Unpaid bills were the reason that, in spite of his thirty-five years, the doctor had not indulged in romance. Notwithstanding his success in his profession, the expenses of city living and a mortgage on his mother's farm kept him in a state of chronic insolvency, with a consequent constant shabbiness.

At the door Nurse Isabelle helped him on with his rusty overcoat.

"There's a button off," she told him. "I'll sew it on if you will wait."

And as she took deft stitches the doctor looked down at her white capped head. From beneath the cap little blond locks curled against her round throat.

"Jimmie's right," he said aloud, and when Nurse Isabelle said "What?" in a startled way he shammed, "Oh, nothing. Let me know how the boy is," and went away.

That night he took an account of ways and means and found that it wouldn't do. There was a big balance yet to be paid on the mortgage, and he must still travel the path of loneliness.

"Oh, I say," Jimmie informed him a week later, "you ain't doin' it right."

"Why not?" the doctor asked.

"Aw, you ought to bring her a rose or sumpn' violets," Jimmie told him. "She likes 'em."

"I haven't time for foolishness," the doctor stated briefly, and Nurse Isabelle, coming up, heard him.

With her head held high she helped him examine Jimmie, and after the doctor had gone the small boy said slyly:

"Well, anyhow, I'm dead stuck on you, nurse, dear." She kissed him with her cheeks blazing.

That night she telephoned to the doctor, "Jimmie is worse."

When he came the small boy was fighting for breath. "Tell—me about—the robin," he begged feebly, and Nurse Isabelle bent over him and sang softly:

"The robin is dressed in his feathers and down,
With warm red breast and his wings of brown,"

and then she stood back that the doctor might see him.

She knew that things were very wrong. The doctor gave orders quickly, and she followed them, and for hours they fought with death.

At midnight they thought that the end had come. Jimmie lay very still with his little face gray in the shaded light.

Isabelle, bending over him, began to cry, silently at first, then hysterically.

"Oh, why can't you save him?" she gasped. "Why can't you save him?"

"Hush!" the doctor warned. "Hush!"

But she was worn out, and the sobs came faster and faster as with shaking hands she tried to hold Jimmie up.

The doctor took the boy from her.

"Go and get me hot water," he ordered—"plenty of it. I'm ashamed of you."

When she came back, he had his coat off and his sleeves were rolled up. "It's the last chance," he said, and she helped him lift Jimmie into the bath.

The tears ran down her cheeks and dripped into the tub. Once she looked at the doctor. "I am so ashamed of myself," she whispered. "But I have not many people to love me," And she sobbed under her breath.

The doctor's hair was wet, his face was red, and his shirt was open at the neck, showing the cords of his strong neck. He lifted the little steaming body in his arms and held the boy while Nurse Isabelle enveloped him in a heated blanket.

Jimmie opened his eyes as they laid him on his little cot. "Tell me about the robin," he murmured dreamily and went to sleep, holding tight to Nurse Isabelle's finger.

The doctor, warm and rumpled, looked at the two.

"You haven't any business nursing," he said to Isabelle.

Her startled eyes met his. "I was afraid you would say that," she quavered, "I was such a—fool."

"You are not a fool," the doctor blazed, "but some women aren't any more fitted to be nurses than I am to be the angel Gabriel."

Nurse Isabelle was not so sure of his unfitness for the sacred office as he stood there in his strength and dignity, with his halo of fair hair.

"If I had anything to offer you," he remarked abruptly, "I'd marry you."

"Oh!" Nurse Isabelle tried to rise, but Jimmie's thin fingers held her. "Please, don't," she begged.

"Don't disturb my patient," was the doctor's peremptory command. He ran his fingers through his hair. "If I wasn't so dead poor," he ruminated.

"A woman who breaks down at such an important moment isn't fit to be in a hospital," he continued. "She ought to be in a home where the tenderness would not be wasted."

He came around to Nurse Isabelle's side. It was very still in the big room. The screen around Jimmie's bed hid them from such wakeful patients as might be in ward 7.

"To my home it would not be wasted," he said softly.

Jimmie stirred slightly. Nurse Isabelle rose and bent over him. When she straightened up she was within the circle of the doctor's arm.

"Oh!" she gasped, all pink and white and beautiful.

"You're such a little thing to take care of yourself," the doctor whispered. "And I'll make ends meet."

As she raised a radiant face Jimmie opened his eyes and took in the satisfying situation.

"I told you he was dead stuck on you," he chuckled weakly.

How the Months Got Their Names.

The months of the year obtained their names from widely varying sources. January was named from the Janus, and Janus, the deity with two faces, one looking to the east and the other toward the west. February comes from the Latin word februo, to purify. It was the ancient Roman custom to hold festivals of purification during that month. March [illegible] name to an old god of war. Among the Saxons this month was known as lenet monath, spring month, which was the origin of our word lent. It is claimed by some that April was named from the Latin word aperire, open, in reference to the opening buds of Spring days. It was called easter, in honor of Eastra, the goddess of spring, from which comes our word Easter. May was named after Maia, the Roman goddess of growth or increase, and June was from the Latin juvenes (young). Julius Caesar himself named July in his own honor, and August was likewise named by Augustus Caesar. September is from the Latin word septem, meaning seven, it being the seventh month of the year according to the old Roman calendar, and October November and December likewise retain the names they were known by in the old Roman calendar.

ISABELLE BENT OVER HIM AND SANG SOFTLY.

The Saddle.

The heavy man should be most particular about his saddle and that it shall be not only broad seated, but long in the tree, that his weight may be distributed over as large a surface on the horse's back as possible and should exercise great care that not only is it well stuffed, especially about the withers, but that the stuffing is constantly worked light and kept from caking or becoming lumpy anywhere. Neglect of these precautions will inevitably lead to chafing and bruising of the back or painful pinching and bruising of the withers, this latter injury leading very possibly to further complications in the way of fistula, etc., which may result in permanent and very severe complications. The individual of light or weight is more fortunate in these respects, as he is not so likely to injure his mount severely by the mere amount of weight he represents, but even he must be duly careful not only upon the grounds of self interest, but upon those of ordinary humanity.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

The French For "Kittie."

If you attempt to coax a French kitten by calling "kittie, kittie, kittie," the animal will stare at you with absolute indifference or shrug its shoulders and walk away. The dictionaries and phrase books will give you no help, one and all ignoring the theme. It took me months to discover the proper call. When I asked, "How do you call it?" the natives always replied, "Un petit chat." If I continued "What do you say when you wish it to approach you?" they respond, "Ye nez ici." I had about despaired of succeeding in my quest when I chanced to hear a little girl summoning her pet. She said, "Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi," and "kittie" came running to her as obediently as could be. Of course mi was pronounced "me."—Travel Magazine.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

IN A NEW CLASS.

Maggie's Raise in Wages Brought Unexpected Results.

Mrs. Baker, a well to do lady in one of the suburbs of a large eastern city, was fortunate in having an excellent servant. Maggie was capable, quick and good natured. Most of the lady's friends were less fortunate—in fact, few of them were without their distinct trials. At all the fashionable gatherings the conversation turned, like a needle to the pole, straight to the subject of servants.

Mrs. Baker said very little, for she had often noticed that an announcement of perfect satisfaction in the domestic line was frequently followed later on by a second announcement to the effect that the perfect maid had been offered higher wages by Mrs. So-and-so and had gone to get them. Therefore Mrs. Baker followed Brer Rabbit's tactics of "layin' low."

More than this, she decided to be very diplomatic. She would offer Maggie more wages herself and thus secure her before any one else had a chance. She was pleased with her plan.

"Now, Maggie," she said the next morning, "you've been very faithful and cheerful during the hot summer and through Dorothy's illness, and I like your work so well that I'm going to raise your wages from $5 to $6."

Maggie thanked her, and Mrs. Baker smiled at the thought of her own astuteness.

On Monday morning, a few days later, she had occasion to visit her kitchen after breakfast. Instead of encountering the usual smell of suds and steam she found Maggie seated at the table.

"Why, where's the washing?" she asked. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"Oh, no mum," replied Maggie airily. "I ain't sick. But none of the girls as gets $6 does any washing. The six dollar girls has it done for 'em, you know."

Mrs. Baker has not tried any more diplomatic plans.—Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF LONDON CABBIES.

Some of Their Remarks When the Tip Is Not Forthcoming.

Some of the hansom fraternity of London have no sense of humor, but the majority are decidedly facetious, says London Tit-Bits. Here are some examples of witty and sarcastic "cabbyisms."

To appreciate them properly it must be understood that the fare has offered a single shilling in payment for a ride just within the two mile limit.

"Are you quite sure you can spare this?" remarks the cabby with a humph of humor. "I've think you'll be able to run along on the other nineteen till next Friday?" It's going the pace, y'know."

"If you'll take my tip you'll run another form of gentle reproach, "you'll go and see an oculist. You 'ated this lamp by mistake. You wants a red or green or yellow one. Black don't in your line at all."

"Thank 'ee, governor," says another cabby with apparent emotion. "Thank 'ee, kindly. I've often 'eard as well enough, but I can't 'elp it, you see. It's what's been drove into me ever since I was a child, and that's a fact. Yer handsome lady, I'd make no 'esh for the world, but I tell yer I can't sell 'im."

One cabby who went an excellent action on receiving his shilling burst into tears and between his loud sobs jerked out: "I'm sorry you force it on me, governor. I am, really. The bloomin' ink people'll be down on me now."

An excellent "cabbyism" was perpetrated in the suburbs one night. As the fare let himself into the house he was regaled somewhat as follows: "Go in quietly, sir, in case the old woman wakes up and 'ears me drivin' away. She might stop the rest of yer pocket money for this extravagance."

A Bit of Superstition.

Superstition is by no means dead; even in ultra civilized England, says London Answers. One Sunday, a few months ago, an interesting proof of this fact was seen in the parish church of Sutcombe, in north Devon. A woman who suffered from epilepsy sat in the porch as the congregation came out from morning service, and thirty married men, who at her request had attended church, passed her one by one. As they passed each dropped a penny in her lap. The thirtieth took the pennies and gave the woman a half crown, which was to be made into a ring for her to wear. Vain superstition, you exclaim. Yet another woman, also a martyr to epileptic fits, who went through the same ceremony at the same place nineteen years ago has never since suffered.

His Head and the Psalm.

The Rev. C. N. Wright, Wardle vicarage, Rochdale, for a personal reminiscence, writes: "In my third living there was a very crowded congregation the first morning I officiated. The parishioners were evidently curious as to the build, color of hair, etc., of their new vicar. As a matter of fact I was, though a young man, very bald. A little thought would have caused me to make my first appearance on any morning but the 8th, but it was the 8th, and, in the Psalms, which were read and not sung, I had to say: 'My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head.'"—London Graphic.

A Weigh Off.

"I want to get a pair of scales," remarked the customer. "Have you the ambuscade make?"

"What's the ambuscade?" inquired the clerk.

"Well," returned the customer, "I am given to understand that they're the kind which lie in weight."—Bohemian.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

MARK TWAIN'S CHILDREN.

A Case Where Attempted Punishment Proved a Hopeless Failure.

Ordinary punishment is answered very well for Susy. She was a thinker and would reason out the purpose of them, apply the lesson and achieve the reform required. But it was much less easy to devise punishments that would reform Clara. This was because she was a philosopher who was always turning her attention to finding something good and satisfactory and entertaining in everything that came her way. Consequently it was sometimes pretty discouraging to the troubled mother to find that after all her pains and thought in inventing what she meant to be a severe and reform compelling punishment the child had entirely missed the severities through her native disposition to get interest and pleasure out of them as novelties. The mother, in her anxiety to find a penalty that would take sharp hold and do its work effectively, at last resorted, with a sore heart and with a reproachful conscience, to that punishment which the incorrigible criminal in the penitentiary dreads above all the other positive miseries which the warden inflicts upon him for his good—solitary confinement in the dark chamber. The grieved and worried mother shut Clara up in a very small clothes closet and went away and left her there—for fifteen minutes. It was all that the mother heart could endure. Then she came softly back and listened. Listened for the sobs, but there weren't any; there were muffled and inarticulate sounds, but they could not be construed into sobs. The mother waited half an hour longer. By that time she was suffering so intensely with sorrow and compassion for the little prisoner that she was not able to wait any longer for the distressed sounds which she had counted upon to inform her when there had been punishment enough and the reform accomplished. She opened the closet to get the prisoner free and take her back into her loving favor and forgiveness, but the result was not the one expected. The captive had manufactured a fairy cavern out of the closet, and friendly fairies out of the clothes hanging from the hooks and was having a most sinful and unrepentant, good time and requested permission to spend the rest of the day there!—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

The coward shoots with shut eyes.

Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye.

The paleface's arm is longer than his word.

When a fox walks lame, the old rat bit jumps.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy. The paleface skins his friends.

Two men will live together in quiet and friendship, but two squaws never. When a man prays he lies, and steals also, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one fancies.

There are three things it takes a strong man to kick, a young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.—Sioux Book.

A Dog and an Egg.

A farmer in a western state possessed two dogs, a big one called Alice and a small one that was named Billy. Alice, greedy creature, was fond of fresh eggs. When she heard a hen cackle she always ran to look for the nest. One day she found one under the fruit shed. But she could not get the egg because she was too large to go under the shed. She went away and soon returned with Billy, bringing him just before the hole.

Billy was stupid and did not understand. Alice put her head in and then her paws without being able to reach the egg. Billy seemed to understand what was wanted. He went under the shed, brought out the egg and put it before Alice, who ate it with great satisfaction, and then both dogs trotted off together.—Chicago Tribune.

Lively In the Tenements.

A young woman new to mission work on the east side, New York, was lately moved to comment sadly upon the monotonous and cheerless existence of the inhabitants of the tenements.

"I suppose there is little brightness and recreation in your lives," said she to an eleven-year-old girl.

"Oh, I don't know about that," answered the girl. "It ain't so dull as you might think. Dere's always somethin' doin' to keep us from gittin' blue. It's lively sometimes, all right. For instance, las' night the people on our floor was a-cuttin' up high. Dere was a gentleman next to us what had de tremens, an' de lady right across the hall from us was jagged so she nearly bit her sister's ear off."—New York Tribune.

Hurt His Feelings.

"I told you that poor young widow," began Mrs. Nuritch, "that you'd give her boy work if"—

"Well, I won't," interrupted Nuritch. "She sent him today with a note that said, 'I must find employment for my sons even if he works for a mere pittance.' The nerve of her callin' me a mere pittance.'"—Philadelphia Press.

A Use For Poetry.

"Do you enjoy poetry?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It is a great conversational convenience. It enables people to quote instead of being stupidly original."—Washington Star.

'Tis only happiness can keep us young.—Blackwood.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

PAPA'S STORY.

His Attempt to Tell It While Trying to Put Robert Asleep.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"Tell me a story."

"I'll tell you just one if you will promise to go to sleep."

"My pajamas don't feel good."

"Don't think about them. I'll tell you a story, but that will be all."

Mr. Todd sat beside the bed and began:

"Once there was a little boy"—

"What's his name?"

"I forget."

"Didn't he have any name?"

"Yes, to be sure he had! Don't interrupt me, Robert."

"Then what was it?"

"Why, his name was—his name was Julius."

"Julia's a girl's name."

"This boy's name was Julius, not Julia. He was named for Julius Caesar."

"I know something about Julius Caesar," Robert exclaimed, sitting up suddenly and quoting:

"Julius Caesar
Was a nice old geezer,
But he froze off his feet
In a ice cream freezer."

"Where did you ever hear such a thing as that?"

"Alfred Potts told it to me."

"Well, don't you ever let me hear you use that word 'geezer' again. Now go to sleep."

"Um, you didn't tell me the story."

"All right. This isn't about Julius Caesar at all. Julius Caesar was a king, and he died a long time ago."

"When he froze the feet off, papa?"

"He didn't freeze his feet. That is a piece of silliness, Alfred Potts told you."

"What is a piece of silliness, papa?"

"Don't ask me such foolish questions. Settle down and go to sleep or I'll go back downstairs and leave you alone."

"Papa, my pajamas don't feel good."

"I told you not to think about them. Now, listen and I'll tell you about this little boy. He went out one day and saw"—

"Was his name Julius?"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Todd answered. "His name was Julius, and he"—

"Did he die a long time ago?"

"No. Julius Caesar died a long time ago. This boy didn't."

"Where does he live now?"

"I don't know. He still."

"How'd you know what's his name, then?"

"Well, he lives—he lives in a town somewhere. And one day he went out and saw a tree that was simply full of birds. The birds"—

"What did the birds do?"

"The birds sing, of course."

"What did they sing?"

"They sang songs. Now, if you want me to tell you this story you will have to be quiet. So this boy looked up at the birds and"—

"My pajamas don't feel good."

"They never will feel good if you don't stop thinking about them. So this boy looked up at the birds and he was a bad boy and he thought it would be smart to throw a stone at them."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he threw a stone at the poor little birds."

"And what did the stone do?"

"Of course it hit a bird. And then"—

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"What did the fly do?"

"What fly?"

"The fly it made the birds into."

"Robert Gallahue Todd, I am going downstairs, and if you are not asleep in two minutes I shall punish you!"

Mr. Todd strode from the room, and at the stairs he halted at the sight of a woman sitting on the top step with her face in her hands and her shoulders and sides shaking. It was his wife.—Wilbur Nesbit in Success Magazine.

Some Famous "Dunces."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was the dunce of his class. Walter Scott was told by his professor that he was a dunce. Both Napoleon and Wellington were dull boys at school, and when Clive won Plassy his father said he did not think the booby had so much sense. Chalmers, the leader of the disruption, was expelled from his school as an incorrigible dunce. Chatterton was sent home as a fool, and Leigh Hunt was considered beyond all hope. Isaac Newton, the great oriental scholar; Sir William Jones and Robert Morrison, who compiled the immortal Chinese Bible and dictionary, were all regarded as extremely dull boys.—Minneapolis Journal.

Two Duels.

Sainte-Beuve got an excellent advertisement out of a duel fought on a wet day by insisting upon holding his umbrella up with one hand while he fired his pistol with the other. He was willing, he courageously said, to take the risk of being shot, but he must be excused from taking the greater risk of catching cold.

The duel which Benjamin Constant, who suffered from gout, fought sitting in a Bath chair may have been of somewhat similar character. Honor in that case was declared to be satisfied when the Bath chair was hit.—Strand Magazine.

Dangerous.

Father—What are you doing, Emma? Daughter—Oh, Arthur is coming tonight, and I'm cooking something for him. Father—Emma, Emma, you'd better be careful. You'll keep on cooking for him till he breaks the engagement.—Heitere Welt.

It takes a lot of courage on the part of a young man to tell a girl how pretty some other girl is.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. Scollon, Smethport; R. P. Bingaman, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Fenton, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hill, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Haglin, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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Justices—L. L. Knapp, R. C. Grierson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; D. Galvin, treas.; F. P. Smith, sec'y; John H. Eastman, C. H. Cole, George, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. [illegible].
Assessor—C. H. [illegible].
Auditors—A. A. [illegible].
Justice of the Peace—[illegible].
Inspectors—[illegible].
Clerk—[illegible].

F. & A. M.—Keystone Lodge, No. 353, meets on Thursday on or before each full moon, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. H. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings in Odd Fellows' Hall. Work: Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree 2nd; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

C. H. DENNIS, N. G.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 327, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. K. BURLINGAME, Chief Patriarch.

J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 1 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 187, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keyes Hall.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder. J. O. GIFFORD, M. W.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 7, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. B. Foster, R. K.

Will Morrison, Com.

I. O. O. F.—Mc-Brown Rho, No. 45, meets in [illegible].

P. H. C.—Smethport Pocahontas, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.

CLARA FERRIS, A. Sachem.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 191, O. E. S., Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall: Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
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Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—L. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 2:30 p. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3:00 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. [illegible] Friday afternoon in the church parlors. Women's Missionary Society meets [illegible] and every [illegible] each month at 3 o'clock. All are invited.

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FINDING MISS FILSON

By NORA BAYNE.

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"Find Miss Filson," directed the old man," and Andy Brant, with a prompt and respectful "Yes, sir," picked the letter into his pocket and finished adding the column of figures upon which he had been working.

Had Lowell & Lowell told him to go out and find the north pole Andy would have replied in precisely the same tone and would have started on the trip in precisely the same spirit. Confidential assistant bookkeeper, Andy Brant was the general utility man. It was he who had given first aid to the injured water pipe with a piece of rubber overshoe and some adhesive tape from his bicycle kit and who had treated the office cat when it had fits.

But the present quest was not so promising. A correspondent had asked that his daughter be located. "We know that she was to have gone to the Y. W. C. A.," wrote the westerner. "No doubt it will be easy to locate her."

Andy grinned as he replaced the letter in his pocket and started for the associate's office.

The elderly woman in charge was willing to tell what little she knew when Andy showed his letter as an heiress. Miss Filson had come to New York three months before, but had removed from address furnished us. She smiled approvingly upon Andy as he handed her. She liked this clean cut, honest eyed young fellow, and the eyes appeared so far as to venture the hope that he would meet with success.

Andy's answer was a grimace. Young women had a trick of losing themselves in New York. Miss Filson had left the association three months before. It was not likely that she could endure life in one cheap boarding house for that length of time. Most places were intolerable for less than a month.

His suspicions were verified when inquiries at the uptown address. Miss Filson was dimly remembered by the rosy cheeked servant girl who answered the door. She stayed only two weeks and departed on an express wagon, explaining that she could not trust the driver with the trunk. It was this incident and the fact that she did not leave her new address that lived most clearly in the girl's mind of the host of those who came and went.

Andy interviewed express wagon drivers in an increasing circle for the remainder of the morning and wound up so conveniently near his own boarding place that he stopped in for lunch. Mrs. Lennon's establishment was different from the average New York boarding house. Andy had lived there for a year and still liked it. Now that golden haired Bess Saunders had taken up her residence there he was willing to remain indefinitely. Andy was not susceptible, but the first time Bess had come into the stuffy dining room he had fallen in love, so deeply in love that when she had lost her position as stenographer and could not pay her board bills, unknown to Bess, he had arranged with Mrs. Lennon that he would be responsible for the bills until Bess found a new place, when the landlady should reimburse him.

"Any luck?" he asked as he slipped into his seat opposite the girl. She took her head.

"Well, I have some good news for you," he went on. "Our typewriter is to be married week after next. She's going to quit the job, and the old man says you may have it."

Bess clapped her hands delightedly and Andy beamed upon her.

"Let's celebrate," he suggested. "I've got an order that I can't fill. Let's go to the matinee, will you? Might as well do that as trying around town for nothing."

Bess nodded, and Andy sat on the hot steps smoking a cigarette and building air castles, while the girl dressed. They had only cheap seats in the rear of the balcony, but it was a seat, and occasionally Andy could feel a slight pressure of the girl's arm against his own, emphasizing her nearness. He did not think much of the vaudeville performance. What interested the accomplishments of the trained seals and the toe dancer when he could lean back with closed eyes and conjure up visions of light house keeping with Bess as the housekeeper! He was earning enough salary for two. After all, she need not take that place with Lowell & Lowell.

"Isn't that great?" asked Bess. Andy roused himself with a start to observe the accomplishments of a pair of acrobats.

"Sure thing," he assented. "I was thinking of something bigger and greater."

"What's that?" she demanded.

"I was thinking," he explained, "that perhaps you wouldn't need Miss Austin's place in the office. What's the matter with our getting married? We could get a lot of a flat and live—not bored."

Andy's voice made the distinction eloquent, and the girl's gray eyes grew.

"But you don't know anything about me," she protested tearfully.

"I know you're the girl I want to marry," he insisted stoutly. "Mrs. Lennon's known me for a year, and the old man's had me working for him for three years. You can write to Brownsville and find out the rest about me if you want to. I'm not from Missouri where you're concerned."

There was a sudden darkness as the lights went out for the motion pictures, and in the gloom a tiny hand sought his and was quickly captured.

"Is it yes?" he asked, his breath coming in short inspirations.

"I can't write back home," she said softly. "But if you will take me as I am, Andy, it's yes."

"There's nothing wrong," he declared stoutly, "but if you were a shoplifter I'd marry you just the same." The audience was filing out before the last pictures were thrown on the screen, but he leaned over and kissed her.

"We're engaged," he declared, "but you'll have to wait until Saturday for the ring."

The lights flashed on again, and unwillingly enough Andy gathered up their belongings and prepared to join the departing crowd. The boarding place was but a short distance away, and they decided upon walking. Andy's feet touched the sidewalk, but he felt as though he were in the clouds that dotted the evening sky.

"I don't want you to think I've done anything wrong," whispered Bess. "It isn't that, dear. It's just that I have no family and don't want even to be published of them. My father married a second time, my stepmother and I did not get along well and—"

"Let out," he said. "I don't blame you. Lots of girls won't put up with a second mother. I'm looking for one this very minute that is. I'm supposed to be," he added.

"What was what took you out of the office this afternoon?"

"Yes. You see, her father buys goods from us, and he wrote Lowell & Lowell to look the girl up and tell her that her father had died and he wished to see her. It's too far for him to come and look for her in the busy season, but we're to find her and ship her back to Utica, O."

"Both?" she echoed. "Andy, is his name Filson?"

"Sure thing. Do you know her?"

"I'm Frances Elizabeth Filson," she explained. "Saunders was my own mother's name."

"Then let's not quit," shouted Andy. "Why, your father has seven different kinds of money."

"But I can't, dear, for I have you," she whispered.

"Do you mean it? You still want to marry me now you've won your father back?"

"You know I do," she said reproachfully.

"And to think," mused Andy, "that I was cussing the old man for chasing me out on such a fool job."

Bess laughed. She knew what Andy meant.

The Tomb of Walter Scott.

In Dryburgh abbey, standing among the ruins of the ancient choir, with the afternoon sun shining upon it, we saw the tomb of Walter Scott in St. Mary's aisle. A noble block of Aberdeen granite marks the last resting place of Sir Walter and Lady Scott. The simple inscription records the dates of birth and death of the husband and wife. Here also are the mortal remains of the novelist's children and of his son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart, of whom Scott wrote affectionately, "Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide life—happiness of the daughter who chose him and whom he has chosen."

As we turned from the grave of Walter Scott and wandered across the now roofless and grass grown refectory we recalled his last connected words to Lockhart: "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."—Book News.

The Change In Surgeons.

"The surgeon of the past was a huge, coarse, red faced brute, a very terror," said a surgeon of the present. "And no wonder. What type of man but the brute type could cut off legs or saw through the skull while the patient perfectly conscious, howled and went? In the past surgery was barred to gentle and refined men. Whatever their interest in anatomy, in medicine, they shunned surgery. They could not endure to operate upon a conscious subject. The advent of anaesthetics caused the advent of new men into surgery. Men of delicacy, of sympathy, of imagination—a higher type—took the profession up. That is why surgery is continually advancing now, whereas in the past it stood dead still."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

That Little Bill.

Hewitt—I always know what I am going to get at my boarding house.

Jewett—Why don't you pay it and get a receipt instead?—New York Press.

IN A SUBMARINE.

What Happens as the Vessel Takes the Plunge Beneath the Sea.

Under ordinary conditions as soon as the hood is closed for the plunge the captain opens the faucets and a quantity of water, which makes the ship heavy enough to sink, rushes into the reservoirs located at the sides of the vessel. Even the most hardened of the sailors say that the noise of the water rushing into the boat gives a lugubrious impression, and it requires men gifted with cool heads and possessing tested courage for the hazards involved in operating these little boats. But, in spite of their fragile appearance, they are terrible instruments of war, and notwithstanding their diminutive size they are controlled by twelve men, each of whom is indispensible to their navigation.

The hood once closed, the submarine is absolutely cut off from the world. Its shell, calculated to support a pressure of seven or eight atmospheres, gives it the ability in theory to go down to a distance of thirty to forty meters, but in practice it is considered sufficient to drop to a depth of fifteen meters, and at such a level it is in no danger of being flooded. The most strongly armored vessels of the ordinary type extend downward only ten meters.

The vessel is directed by two vertical governors, one above and one below the stern, as they are always placed on submarines. To govern the coming up and going down of a boat there are two horizontal governors, one at the stern and one at the bow.—Metropolitan Magazine.

PROPER BREATHING.

More Essential Than a Beautiful Voice For Perfect Singing.

I cannot too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, attack and the use of registers must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing, correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of today wholly lack, because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration, and, in my opinion, musical students, even when too young to be allowed the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.—Nellie Melba in Century.

The Trouble With Decorators.

The great trouble with the decorator who fails to succeed lies in his predilection for one particular school of design. He becomes a monomaniac, declares Interior Decoration, on the subject of some special school of decoration. He goes in for arts and crafts and knows nothing else. He becomes colonial mad or he struggles with the French school, and nothing is right that isn't French, or perhaps, being a German and German by education, he espouses German or Flemish art, or, being English and English by education, nothing is quite correct that is not Elizabethan or Georgian.

The Early Bird.

Bishop Brewster of Connecticut is noted for his funny stories, and his latest is said to be about an old reprobate who decided to repent and announced to every one that whatever wrong he had done should be made right, so a man whom he had cheated out of a large sum of money went around at midnight to demand it.

"But what did you come at this hour for and wake me up? Why not wait till tomorrow?" said the old sinner crossly.

"I came now," replied the man, "to avoid the rush."—Harper's Weekly.

A Dogs' Academy.

There is an academy for canines in a certain South London borough which is known to all the prominent circus people of Europe, and which is the "old school" of many of the performing dogs in Great Britain at the present time. The interior is fitted up with trapezes, etc., and day by day all sorts of performing canines are taught their clever tricks. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the proprietor enjoys the benefit of a first class income.—London Captain.

Luck.

Customer (to landlady)—Will you tell me why there should be two flies in my soup? There is none in that matt's over there. Landlady—Oh, it's just a question of luck, sir.—Fliegende Blatter.

Forestalled.

Mrs. Crawford—Why was your husband more angry than usual when he came home so late? Mrs. Crabshaw—You see, dear, I woke up before he had time to set the clock back.—Harper's.

His Motto.

"Dubley says his motto is, 'Live and learn.'"

"Well, if he isn't more successful at the former than the latter we'll be going to his funeral soon."—Exchange.

Pineules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwicks Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

AN UNPROTESTED CHECK.

By Edith M. Deane.

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When all the legal formalities were ended and the fortune that had been Robert Maxwell's was finally handed over to his "beloved daughter Elizabeth," that young lady regarded her new found responsibilities in dismay and promptly proceeded to shift them to other and broader shoulders. James Gordon had been her father's secretary and his shoulders were proportionally better fitted for the burden.

"But you cannot hand me over your fortune to carry, as if it were a book or a parcel," said Gordon distractedly, though inexpressibly cheered by this profession of confidence. "You do not understand."

"Oh, yes, I do," returned Miss Maxwell serenely. "I understand perfectly. I shall appoint you"—

"Chairman of the finance committee," suggested Gordon.

"Yes," said Miss Maxwell; "I will be the committee."

"Well, I shall do my best," said Gordon, laughing. "But the committee will please remember that it has certain active duties."

"I don't see why it should have any," she retorted. "Practically, you have already managed the estate for the past five years. You were invaluable to father."

"Perhaps I was," Gordon returned, "though I don't remember it, and he never mentioned it. However, I appreciate your confidence and will serve you faithfully; but (gravely) what if I should make mistakes? Is it wise to entrust the handling of so much money to one man?"

"I should think it might depend a good deal upon the man," said Miss Maxwell softly.

So Gordon fitted up an office in a downtown skyscraper, where he sat at a table strewn with papers and plausible, legal looking documents, buying and writing bills into the nights, and Miss Maxwell, having arranged her financial affairs to her liking, entered a mock, elderly seniority as chaperon and formed a distraction to other difficulties.

Her first, earliest and most unmanageable difficulty was her cousin Tom Carroll.

"It isn't that I do not like you," she painstakingly explained, for the hundredth time. "You know I do. As a sister does."

"Oh, drop it," retorted Tom irritably. "I don't want to be a sister. I shall go to Europe."

"So it's all off?"

"I think I have been telling you that for the past five minutes," said Miss Maxwell impatiently.

"You know what I meant all along," he said sullenly. "Some one has been giving you a version of my views."

"Your views are nothing to me nor your virtues either. If you"— The words died on her lips. For the first time in all their lives his arm closed around her. Convulsively he held her to him, bending his head till his lips met her soft, brown hair.

"Betty, I—I've got to tell you. I'm in the end of trouble. I need you—I need your help."

By a strictly reticent effort Betty released herself.

"How—how—you?—How—how—you?" she gasped, then came to a dead stop. Her eyes grew wide with dismay that fixed upon the doorway at the end of the room.

"Mr. Gordon," she said in a constrained voice.

It was Gordon indeed. He was quite at the other end of the long room, but not so far that the fair maiden could be unseen by him, and the distress of her face was intensified in his as he bowed hurriedly and the yellow portiere fell behind him.

Betty blushed furiously. A person looking on and not understanding might, of course, she turned suddenly to Tom, who stood staring at her uneasily.

"Now go!" she cried desperately. "Go!"

Meanwhile Gordon had found his hat and the sidewalk and walked blindly down the avenue, forgetting the papers he had come for—forgetting everything except a girl's flushed, distressed face. It was scandalous that she should be allowed to drift into complications with that fellow. It was all very well that Cornish was her cousin, but what of the fellow's character—a gambler, a fortune hunter? Yet what could he do? All day he had looked forward to seeing Betty. Well, he had seen her. And she must have been in earnest. She wasn't the kind of girl to let a man—and as memory gripped him he plunged gloomily on.

It was several days later that Miss Maxwell, blue gowned and demure, turned into the entrance of a bank on lower Broadway and walked calmly to the paying teller's window.

"I suppose you know that this overdraws your account, Miss Maxwell," said that gentleman, handing out a packet of fresh bank notes.

The girl stared at him in astonishment—"No, I did not know. I had not thought," she said nervously.

"That last check was rather large—ten thousand"—

"Ten thousand!" repeated Betty weakly.

"Yes. We did not question it, of course, because Mr. Gordon so often draws large amounts." He looked at her keenly. "It was all right, I suppose?"

"Yes; oh, yes," said Betty unsteadily. "It was all right. I—I suppose Mr. Gordon cashed it?"

"He sent a messenger, as he usually does."

Betty nodded. The bank swam and for an instant her brain reeled as she turned away, perplexed and vaguely conscious of impending evil.

Ten thousand dollars!

Even to Betty's vague business reasoning $10,000 seemed a good deal to lose track of. But there must be some good reason why Gordon had filled in the check for so much, for Miss Maxwell's methods of dealing with the management of her estate had not changed, and, though she still signed all her checks, she seriously wished her hands of further responsibility, and Gordon usually filled them in.

Once at home she hurried to her desk. She had a prejudice against keeping her check book in order, and an appalling number of hastily scrawled stubs confronted her. She worked busily, covering a pad with figures and counting up totals on her fingers. But it was slow work, and near the end one stub stared out from the rest prominently.

It was blank.

She leaned her elbows on the desk, and, resting her chin in her hands, stared hard into space. There was the check unaccounted for, and he had filled it out for $10,000. No one knew how many others he had used. He was welcome to the money. She would not fight it if she could. But he had seemed so different, and she had trusted him. Slowly her head sank on the desk, and the heiress of the Maxwell millions cried her eyes out like any ordinary lovesick girl.

It was ten hours later—ten dreary, interminable hours—that the clerk on Betty's dressing table chimed 1.

Betty shivered. No sleep had come to her eyes. Getting out of bed, she slipped into a dressing gown. She would read. Anything would be better than lying in bed open eyed and sleepless moaning over James Gordon.

Her book was in the library. She opened her door and ran hurriedly down the hall below. Pushing open the library door very gently, she entered the room, then uttered a faint scream.

The room was lighted by the faint rays of a bull's eye lantern.

Standing at her desk with his back to her, operating her check book, was Tom Carroll.

She tried to bring a shout of horror to her lips, but could not, and then, while she stood there, she knew that Tom was signing her name to a check.

Miss Maxwell stood very still.

"Tom," she said, "why did you do it?"

For Tom had fallen into a chair and hidden his face in his hands.

"It's all up," he said hoarsely. "I'm dead broke, and I thought I could make a clean break and no one be the wiser. I've had the devil's own luck lately. I lost every cent of that other check."

Betty looked at him as if in a dream.

"The check—your check. I was dying to get hold of your check book. I knew Gordon did almost as he pleased—and it was your signature all right. I meant to give it back to you, Betty, as soon as my luck turned, I really did."

But to his mystification Betty was looking at him with shining eyes.

"It was you who cashed the check for ten thousand," she repeated softly. "It was you. It was you."

It was weeks before she told Gordon, and he, being a wise young man in his generation, said no word of her hygiene injustice, but his arms went round her, and he held her close, while she, crying quietly, hid her face against his coat.

"No other man would have understood," she whispered softly.

Her Very Good Reason.

The two wives were discussing the pecuniary peculiarities of their respective husbands, and they coincided with great unanimity until their conversation the point of their own relation to the purse strings.

"My husband never gives me a penny unless he growls about the extravagance," said one.

"Mine does the same thing," attested the other.

"But I get even with him."—And her face showed the color of satisfaction.

"How do you ever do it?"

"I go through his trousers pockets when he's asleep."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the other. "I wouldn't do that for anything."

"Why not? Haven't we a right to the money as well as they have?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't go through my husband's trousers pockets for it."

"I'd like to know why?" said the first, quite indignant at the apparent reproof.

"Because," blushed the other, "he carries his money in his waistcoat pocket."—Pearson's Weekly.

When Banks Are Bitten.

"Speaking of bad checks," said the cashier of a downtown bank, "don't you believe for a moment that most of the expert forgers are behind bars or frightened into inactivity. The distinguished professionals—those accustomed to play for a fortune at a single throw—are pretty well in hand, but there are others.

"As a matter of fact, the public would be surprised to learn how many bogus checks, perfectly executed, get past the bank officials every week in this city."

"Don't see many of 'em in the police court cases," a listener suggested.

"Of course not. Most of the checks are for small amounts and are made good by the bank officers. Why? Well, because it does a bank no especial good to have it known that forged checks can pass through its windows. So the matter is hushed up. Even when a man is caught in the act he is often allowed to go free if he is merely an agent and will tell who his principal is. It's business policy."—New York Globe.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

YOUR NERVES.

The Most Untiring of All Are Those of the Heart.

The most easily tired nerves in the body are the nerves of smell. They can detect the faintest whiff of perfume. As you pass a rose in the garden the quantity of perfume that gets into your nostril must be many millions of billions of times smaller than the tiniest grain of sand. But rub the strongest perfume on your upper lip and in a few seconds you fail to notice it, the nerve of smell is so quickly fatigued.

The heat nerves and cold nerves, which are quite distinct from the nerves of ordinary sensation, also give over working very quickly. A bath that seems quite hot when you step into it very soon ceases to cause any particular feeling of heat.

Nerves of hearing and sight can go through an enormous amount of work. For sixteen hours a day they work hard and are still willing to do more.

The nerves of the heart are the most untiring of all. From the first dawn of life until the last gasp they work without stopping for one instant. And even after death if some salted water is pumped into the heart it commences to beat again, showing that the nerves are still willing.—Pearson's Weekly.

HE REVISED IT.

Young Author Was Anxious to Comply With the Editor's Request.

"Your story possesses merit," wrote the kindly magazine editor in returning a manuscript to a struggling young author of Washington, "but you have embellished it with too much description, atmosphere and other irrelevant matter. What we want is a story setting out the simple facts—facts, just plain facts. If you will revise your story according to our ideas, we will be glad to pay you $25 for it."

A few days later the editor got the following from the struggling young author of Washington:

"Herewith revised story. Please send check by return mail, as I need the money."

And this was the story as rewritten:

"Jonas loved Eliza. But he was poor, and wealthy papa kicked. Jonas went into Wall street and made a million, incidentally bankrupting papa. Then Eliza went ashore, rolled on a log into the salt pond and Jonas fished her out. Papa relented and borrowed a hundred thousand from Jonas."—Harper's Weekly.

Explosion of Gasoline.

A gasoline tank rarely explodes. It cannot unless it contains gasoline vapor and air in explosive proportions, which latter condition is almost never present.

It does not explode because it contains a little air or too much gasoline. Even if a tank of gasoline were to burst from heat applied to its exterior the confined, heavy gas would not explode if in contact with flame or fire, but would burn, instead.

Thus, a tank of gasoline with no vent could do considerable damage were it at last and throw burning oil and flaming gas about, but 1,000 gallons of gasoline in a vessel's hold would not be so dangerous from explosion as a hundredth of that amount. The larger quantity would burn rapidly, while the smaller would be suffocated, if inclosed with the proper amount of air, to set fiercely destructive almost any boat.—Scientific American.

Aldrich's Birthplace.

The quaint old town by the sea called Portsmouth is the only seacoast town in New Hampshire and is one of our very oldest settlements, for it was founded in the year 1623, and it has a history worth knowing. It was an old town when Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in one of its quaint and ancient houses on the 11th of November in the year 1836, and he has written a very delightful book about Portsmouth, called "An Old Town by the Sea," while his famous "Story of a Bad Boy" is a very true account of his boyhood in the New Hampshire seaport.—J. L. Harbour in St. Nicholas.

Cut Rate Contributors.

In a certain parish of Greater New York the rector, while admonishing his flock on Sunday last that the collection basket receipts were steadily growing less, took occasion to declare that "certain parishioners contribute according to their means, but others give in keeping with their meanness." He added that in measure such exhibitions of false pretense reminded him of the story told of the pilgrim fathers upon their arrival at Plymouth Rock. "First they fell upon their knees; then they fell upon the aborigines."

The Folly of Delay.

It is one of the strangest things in life how few people have settled in their own minds what it is they really want or who will take the trouble to be happy. "I have often thought how much I should like to do so and so," we hear people say, and nine times out of ten it is something they could very easily have done, only they always put it off.—London Spectator.

Quick Fingers.

The dexterity of a modern virtuoso's fingers made a deep impression on an old farmer who was among the audience at a piano recital. Clapping both hands suddenly down upon his knees he was heard to exclaim, "I'd give $100 to have that man pick peas for me!"

Mischief comes by the pound and goes away by the ounce.—French Proverb.

Cotton cloth made in India is mentioned by Herodotus, B. C. 400.

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The Scrap Book

Oglesby's Pardon.

Governor Oglesby went down to Joliet to inspect the state prison. In one of the cells was a very ugly man.

"How did you get in here?" asked Oglesby.

"Abduction," was the reply. "I tried to run off with a girl and they caught me."

"I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield," said the governor. "I don't see how you could expect to get a wife in any other way."

NEVER TALK BACK.

Never talk back; such things is reputable;
A feller only hurts himself that jaws a man that's hot.
In a quarrel if you'll only keep your mouth shut and act sensible
The man that does the talkin' 'll get wursted every shot.

Never talk back to a feller that's shoutin' you;
Just let him carry on and rip and snort and sweat;
And when he finds his bluster and defamin's jest a-shoutin' you
You've got him clean disfurnished, and you want to hunt him then!

Never talk back and wake up the whole community,
And call a man a liar over law on politics
You can lift and land him further and with gracefuller impunity
With one good jolt of silence than in half a dozen kicks.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

He Remembered.

A restaurant keeper hung out this sign:

Coffee:
Such as Mother Used to Make.

A customer asked, pointing to the sign:

"Is your coffee really such as mother used to make?"

"It is," replied the proprietor.

"Then," said the man with a reminiscent look, "give me a cup of tea."

Politeness.

At a dinner given by a high official at Washington a distinguished Parisian man, who was visiting this country as a delegate to a certain industrial conference, gave expression to extravagant praises of his beloved France. His neighbor at table, on the right, would smile and bow in polite acquiescence every time the visitor would mention an instance of France's superiority above every other nation.

"The French," exclaimed he, "are the politest people on earth."

The neighbor at table again smiled and bowed.

A little piqued by the other's silence, the Frenchman asked, "Americans admit, do they not, the superiority of the French in politeness?"

"Oh, yes," came the reply; "that's our politeness"—Lippincott's.

Always Up to Date.

Tourist—Get any newspapers here?

Boatman—Oo aye, when the steamer comes. If it's fine she'll come once a week, but when it's stormy I' winter we dinna catch a glint o' her for three months at a time.

Tourist—Then you'll not know what's going on in London!

Boatman—Na. But ye see, we're just as ill off I' London as we are, for ye dinna ken what's gaun on here!

Literally the Truth.

Two or three generations ago Dr. Samuel Reed was one of the prominent physicians of Boston. His large practice included many patients outside the city limits, and these he visited in his buggy.

One day he bought a new horse, with which he was much pleased until he discovered that the animal had an insurmountable objection to bridges of all kinds and could not be made to cross one.

As, at this period, it was necessary to cross some bridge in order to reach any one of the surrounding towns, the doctor decided to sell the horse. He did not think it necessary to mention the animal's peculiarity, but was much too honest to misrepresent him, and, after some thought, produced the following advertisement which he inserted in a local paper:

For Sale.—A bay horse, warranted sound and kind. The only reason for selling is because the owner desires to leave Boston.

He Never Quarreled.

In 1815 Benton went to Missouri, then a territory inhabited by a fierce population, where his fights continued with the usual result. What the result was may be inferred from a declaration he made in the senate after a senator had referred to what he called "a quarrel" of Benton's. "Mr. President, sir," said the great Missourian sternly, "the senator is mistaken, sir. I never quarrel, sir; but I sometimes fight, and whenever I fight, sir, a funeral follows."

When the Lion Wags His Tail.

Some years ago George R. Peck, formerly of Kansas, after he became general solicitor of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company, was called to South Dakota to argue an important case before the federal court. He was accompanied to the seat of justice by Alfred Beard Kittredge, the local attorney of the company, who has since become a United States senator.

Mr. Peck made a fine argument and afterward walked to the hotel with the judge of the court. "I liked your argument this afternoon, Mr. Peck," the judge said. "It was a masterly presentation of your case. I don't think you left anything unsaid that could have been said."

Mr. Peck thanked the judge for the compliment and afterward went to Mr. Kittredge, elated. "I am going to win that case, Kittredge," he said. "What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Kittredge. "Why, I'll tell you on the quiet. Walking with me to the hotel today, the judge complimented me and added that I had left nothing unsaid."

"Oh, is that all?" Mr. Kittredge said. "Don't let him fool you by that kind of talk. We all know him here. I'll tell you a story.

"Once there was a lion tamer whose duty it was to go into the cage and put his head in the lion's mouth twice a day. One day, after he had got his head in the animal's mouth he asked the keeper in a low voice, 'Is the lion wagging his tail?' 'He is,' replied the keeper. 'Then I'm going,' said the tamer, and the next moment the lion closed his jaws and killed the tamer."

It was both a story and a prophecy. Mr. Peck lost his case.

The Doctor's Joy.

Doctor Doane was demonstrator at a clinic which had under advisement a patient suffering with a carbuncle of unusual proportions. In a burst of scientific rapture the demonstrator delivered something in the following vein: "Perfect specimen! Perfect specimen! I never saw one superior. A beautiful inflammation. There let's feel that a gem!" The unhappy victim raised his hands in protest. "English!" he gasped. "Hell is full of my kind, sure."

He Was Willing to Oblige.

A young North Carolina girl is charming, but, like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening gowns in a season, and the ruin of one of them is always a serious matter to her. She went to a little dancing party last week and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great big, red faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well meaning but moist hands despairingly and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then she said with a winning smile:

"Of course I'll dance with you, but, if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.

And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Benton and Calhoun.

A short time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton: "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied: "No, sir! When God Almighty lays His hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

Never Again.

One day a learned judge was listening to a case that had been appealed from one of the lower courts. The young lawyer who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all the elementary text books and quoted the fundamental legal propositions.

At length the judge thought it was time to make an effort to close the argument.

"Can we not assume," he said suavely, "that the court itself knows a little about the law?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the other court," answered the lawyer, "and I don't want to let it defeat me twice!"

Jackson and the Mutineers.

While General Jackson was conducting his campaign against the Creeks in Alabama the privations and hardships the raw levies had to endure were too much for a company of Tennesseans. They mutinied, declared their intention of returning home, and set out, every man with his arms. The general lay on a sick bed in his tent, but hearing of the revolt, sprang up, dressed, ordered his horse, and picking up the first gun in his way, started on a gallop, alone, after the disaffected ones. Overtaking and passing them, he wheeled his horse and presenting his gun as he swept the line with his stern and fiery glance, he shouted: "Back to your duty! I'll blow out the brains of the first man that dares to move a step forward! Wheel, march!" The men cowered under his eye, hesitated a moment, then obeyed his order, wheeled and returned to camp, the general following. When they had entered the lines and stood in the presence of the whole force, the general came around in front, alighted, threw his gun on the ground and said, loud enough to be heard by all, "That old gun had no lock to it."

Joe Jefferson Found Out.

The late Joseph Jefferson once received a cable dispatch from his son Thomas, who was in London, asking his father to remit to him £100.

The father was doubtful, and so he wired back, "What do you want it for?"

Back came the answer, "For Tom."

This so tickled the old man that the money was forthcoming.

The Drummer and the Dukes.

A commercial traveler got into the same railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Argyll and conversed with them freely, not knowing who they were. The Duke of Northumberland got out at Alnwick, where a handsome equipage was in waiting. The traveler said with surprise, "I'll bet you that's some big nob we've been talking to." "It is the Duke of Northumberland," said Argyll. The traveler stared after the equipage in amazement. "By gums!" he said at last. "Who'd have thought that a duke would have talked to two little snobs like us?"

Playing Railroad.

Irate Parent—Here! What—is all this racket? Bobby—Please, papa, we are playing a train of cars, and I am the locomotive. Irate Parent—You are the locomotive, eh? Well, I think I'll just switch you.

Well Acquainted.

Magistrate—Stay! I cannot allow you to address the bench in this familiar manner. Prisoner—Beg your honor's pardon, but you and me has met so often we seems like old friends.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

"Beyond the Alps."

A Kansas girl graduate who had been given the theme, "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," prepared a thesis entitled "I don't care a cuss whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or in Missouri." I did not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad that I have a good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays on the future woman. It will be time enough for me to correct the grammar of my lover I may have should he speak 'double' in my presence or 'taken a walk.' It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can lick anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an eighty acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. I will agree to cook dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave and lavish upon him a wholesome affection and to see that his razor has not been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I do not care if I get a little fussy on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."—Topeka Capital.

Not to Be Fooled.

A resident of a New England town who was noted for his great shrewdness to animals viewed the first horse cars with dismay. "It's sheer cruelty, that's what it is," he insisted, and the plea of convenience or necessity had no influence upon him.

"I'd walk to Boston and back before I'd ask a pound's weight to whirl those poor creatures have to drag," he declared, and no persuasion could induce him to ride in a street car dragged by overworked, tired horses. When electricity was applied and the cars went smoothly along without the horses, his son said:

"Now, father, you can ride on the street cars without worrying about horses. You can go into Boston at your ease now."

"Humph," said the old man, "you always rush at conclusions.—You don't study into things as I do. Don't I read in the papers about every car having to have so much horsepower? And don't I know well enough what that means?" And the old gentleman sighed. "It simply means, my son, that the poor horses are being worked just as hard and just as many hours, only we don't see 'em.

"Those power houses could tell tales, I reckon. No, I've no more use for street cars now than I ever had, and for the same reason."—Youth's Companion.

Barber's Hair Cut.

"Wished I had time to go out and get my hair cut," remarked a barber as he removed part of the lather from the customer's lips with his second finger.

"Time to go out and get it cut?" repeated the man in the chair, with the emphasis on "out." "Are you like the man that won't eat in his own restaurant? Aren't you willing to trust one of your own men to cut your hair?"

"Oh, I'd trust them, all right!" said the barber. "It isn't that, but you hardly ever see a barber getting his hair cut in his own place. The other barbers all like to go home promptly at quitting time, and if one of us gets work done during the day there is sure to be a rush about that time, and it makes a customer sore if he has to wait with two barbers right here and not waiting on him. He doesn't like to wait around while one barber cuts another barber's hair."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Impression.

Mr. White—Tell me, Uncle Rufus, how did you feel when that savage catamount jumped on your back as you were coming through the woods in the dark and began to claw and rend you?

Uncle Rufus Hawk—Oh, well, sah, tell yo' what's a fact, thankee—I 'lowed 'twuz muh wife! Yo' see, I was ubgittin' home dess a little bit antiquated fum de lodge o' de Cuibod Knights and Shinyplasters, and muh nach'l infirmion was dat de lady had got tired o' waitin' and come to meet me. If I'd organized dat 'twuz a catamount dat had me by de back, I reggin I'd unbe'n skeered plumb to death; but, thinkin' to muhse'f dat 'twuz nobody but muh wife, I desa brushed de varmint aside, accawdin' to muh custom, and come uh-hoppin' along home, happy in muh ignunce.—Puck.

The Gloved Gambler.

An American who visited Monte Carlo was telling of an incident there. "In one of the gold rooms," he said, "a gentleman in lavender gloves was playing in wonderful luck, winning nearly every stake. As a great stack of plaques—you know those beautiful, big gold pieces called plaques—was pushed to him in the croupier I heard a young lady whisper in his ear:

"'It is very odd, monsieur, to wear gloves at play. What do you do it for? Luck?'

"The fortunate player smiled grimly.

"'Not at all,' he replied. 'I promised my wife on her deathbed never again to touch a card.'"

Traveling Sand Hills.

On the coast of Pomerania there are large tracts of sand heaped up by the wind, hundreds of yards in breadth and from 60 to 120 feet high, and these hills, propelled by the wind, move steadily in an easterly direction. The speed at which these great hills travel is from thirty-nine to fifty-six feet a year. Pine woods, which sometimes come in their line of march, cannot stop them and are completely destroyed. The branches are rotted off by the sand, and nothing is left of the trees but the bare stems, which after a few years wither and die.

Purely Chance.

Knicker—Do you consider poker a game of chance? Pocker—Purely. Sometimes my wife finds it out, and then again she doesn't.—Harper's Bazar.

The fear of work is the card index to the catalogue of troubles.—Richmond Missourian.

For the Future.

The secret of [illegible] lies in the fact that people had [illegible] there were no friction [illegible] illuminated streets [illegible] railroads, no sewers [illegible] postage stamps, no [illegible] homes, no telegraphs or trolleys. The elements of happiness are not in things, but in human nature itself. But the fairer conditions, the greater opportunities, which the marvelous modern inventions afford to the masses of our humanity should augment our joy and expand our hopes. The most obvious fact of human history is that of progress. The race is following a flying and a growing ideal. It is inspired and saved by hope. Every helpful invention, every improvement of sanitary conditions, every new ray of intellectual and spiritual illumination, every scientific achievement, every amelioration of physical suffering, every new avenue of enjoyment, every victory of righteousness, every faithful deed in lowly and lofty places, increases the splendor and the power of our vision of the future.—Leslie's Weekly.

Surf Riding Is a Fine Sport.

At Waikiki, near Honolulu, is a famous bathing beach. Here winter and summer the surf canoes of, better yet, the surf boards come dancing in on the long rollers and men become amphibious. There is no sensation quite comparable to riding a surf board on a Pacific roller. It is tobogganing on a moving hillside of water, or, if you are clever enough to stand up on your board, it is taking this hillside on a single big step. The beach runs far out before it shelves into deep water, and at high tide the breakers begin to mount almost half a mile from the shore line. You go out there with your surf board and wait for the wave. You learn to catch it at the right moment, throw your board inshore and climb upon it just as the crest of the roller mounts and catches you. Then on this crest you sail in toward the shore, to slide down at last when the wave breaks, down the foaming incline into shallow water and churning foam. It is royal sport.—Travel Magazine.

Strenuous Chivalry.

It is complained that modern conditions are killing the chivalry of the middle ages." But mediaeval tales and romances show what that chivalry really was. Wife beating was a common incident on the part of those knights and gentlemen whose gallantry was a mere convention. The Chevalier de la Tour-Landry in his book of counsels to his daughters tells them the story of a woman who used to contradict her husband in public. One day, after expostulating in vain, he knocked her down, then kicked her face and broke her nose. "And so," comments the good chevalier, "she was disfigured for life, and thus, through her ill behavior and bad temper, she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her." But not a word is said about the husband's brutality.

False Messiahs.

The defense of different persons claiming to be the Messiah has cost the Jews a great expense, both in treasure and human life. One of these, Corinthus, who lived in the second century of our era, put himself at the head of the Jewish nation as their Messiah, and many of that people adhered to and defended him. The Romans made war upon Corinthus and his followers, and, according to admissions made by eminent Jewish authority, they lost somewhere between 500,000 and 600,000 men in his defense. The last of these impostors was Mordecai, a German, who first claimed to be of divine origin in the year 1682. When the authorities threatened to punish him as an impostor he fled, and his end is not known.

Rapid Growth.

The most remarkable instance of rapid growth was recorded by the French academy in 1729. It was a boy six years of age five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grains weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were gray; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

Cheap.

The clubwoman giggled.

"You know, my husband's birthday is next week," she said, "and I"—

Laughter overcame her for the moment.

—"and I have been taking a cigar out of his case every day for the last three months. Well," she went on, "I've got a hundred now, and I'll give them to him for a birthday present."—Exchange.

Cash Better Than Time.

"Have you a few moments to spare?"

"Young man," said the capitalist severely, "my time is worth $100 an hour, but I'll give you ten minutes."

"If it's all the same to you," thoughtfully replied the visitor, "I believe I would rather take it in cash."—Exchange.

Over There.

"And, best of all," said the boastful American, "we have no titled aristocracy to support over here."

"No," replied the foreigner, "but you have a good many titled sons-in-law to support over there."—Judge.

In the Wrong Place.

Chapleigh—I say, dwuggist, can you—aw—give me something to—aw—bwighten me up, doncher know?

Druggist—You're in the wrong place, young man. This is a drug store, not a night school.—Chicago News.

Heartless.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty-six?" giggled the fair widow.

"No, indeed," rejoined the inconsiderate old bachelor. "But if you had a daughter I might take her to be that old."

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